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THE HALL, CHARTERHOUSE

L O N D O N
PASSED AND PASSING
A PICTORIAL RECORD OF
DESTROYED & THREATENED BUILDINGS
BY HANSLIP FLETCHER
WITH NOTES BY VARIOUS AUTHORS



Arms of the Earls of Clare, in Clare Market

LONDON: SIR ISAAC PITMAN & SONS, LTD.
No. 1 AMEN CORNER, E.C. 1908

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PRINTED BY SIR ISAAC PITMAN
& SONS, LTD., LONDON, BATH
AND NEW YORK . . . 1908

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For permission to reproduce some of the pictures in this volume, the Artist desires to thank: The Governors of Christ's Hospital, the Editor of the *Pall Mall Magazine*, Mrs. Boyes, Mrs. Haig Brown, Miss White, F. S. Hanson, Esq., G. L. Gomme, Esq., Arthur Robinson, Esq., Walter Bell, Esq., F. W. Hasluck, Esq., J. M. Dent, Esq., and William Collinge, Esq.

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ST. CHRISTOPHER

This small statue, probably a piece of fifteenth century work, was found, during the demolition of Newgate Prison, built into a wall of later date. It is now in the Guildhall Museum.

LONDON: PASSED & PASSING

INTRODUCTORY¹

"The sight of London to my exiled eyes
Is as Elysium to a new-come soul."

THE thought of Heine, a bewildered and friendless alien, loitering in the busiest streets of London, evokes our sympathy, and it is not hard to understand why gall flowed to his pen when he recalled his visit. "Send a philosopher, but no poet to London," he cries; "it smothers the imagination and rends the heart." Yet to many a native poet, and to many a painter, London has been a solace and an inspiration, for the city, despite its Grub Street, has been the kindly nurse of genius. What scope has it not afforded, what friends, what memories cluster round its generous taverns! To name the "Mermaid" is an incantation; the spirits of Shakespeare, Beaumont, and Ben Jonson rise from the past. Who but wishes that he might have called at Will's Coffee-house when Addison, Steele, or Pope was there? Who is there now that would not go post haste to the "Turk's Head" in Gerard Street to listen to the talk of Johnson, Goldsmith, Reynolds, or Sheridan? We can almost hear their voices. Boswell is speaking, he regrets that he must leave London. "Sir," says Dr. Johnson, "I don't wonder at it. No man fond of letters leaves London

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without regret." We think of the "Salutation," where Lamb and Coleridge foregathered ; of the "Cock," where Tennyson drank his port, and of many another. Surely in no other city could "the tavern hours of mighty wits" be more profitably spent, and the poets in their gratitude are not niggardly. Elysium is the word which Marlowe puts into the mouth of Piers Gaveston. When the roar of London's traffic has become a byword, they perjure themselves for their foster mother ; to John Sterling London is not "full of noise and dust and confusion," "but something silent, grand, and everlasting," while to Henley, "even the roar of the strong streams of toil" seems "like the speech of lazy seas on a lotus-haunted beach."

It would seem impossible to walk the stones of the streets without feeling the thrill of "old, unhappy, far-off things," yet Londoners rarely have the sentiment for London. For the most part they are unfamiliar with its picturesque byways, its ancient buildings, its relics of the past, heedless even of its present beauty. The Park, the houses where one meets one's friends, the clubs, the play—all this agreeable life must needs be circumscribed, or links in the social chain would be broken, and to those who do but sojourn in town during the season the rest of London is without the pale. Indeed there is little to rouse the spirit of discovery in the glimpses of the unknown vouchsafed them on arrival, for to reach our great railway stations the trains traverse mile after mile of mean and squalid streets. It is a spectacle which only one man hitherto has found anything but dreary. Sir Leslie Stephen tells the story. To a Swiss guide whom he once brought to London, he said, as the train approached the terminus, "That is not so fine a view as we have seen together from the top of Mont Blanc." "Ah, Sir," was the pathetic reply, "it is far finer!" Allured

by the prospect of human companionship, he had yet to learn that in the crowd he might experience a solitude more bitter than on Alpine rocks. Without as within the pale the number is small of those who are willing or able to regard London contemplatively. Men of affairs who have not invaded the world of fashion, having transacted their business, hasten to Surrey heights, or farther afield, to play at the country life. The suburbs are more remote from the heart of London than their distance warrants, and so restricted is the life of the inhabitants, that a multitude have scarcely seen the city at their gates, though on rare occasions they make excursion to historic buildings, such as the Abbey or the Tower. Some workpeople on Sundays parade the streets, or take the air upon our only boulevard, the Embankment, but the great majority of their class prefer in hours of ease their weekly newspaper, their sports, or the public-house. The key of the streets is given to few.

London has ere now been roundly abused by writers of little perception, and its treasures are often unvalued even by men of taste. Perhaps the reason is that to extract the quintessence of the city's charm many gifts are needed, not only the research of the historian, the zeal of the antiquary, the knowledge of the architect, but an eye for colour—something of the painter's spirit. The last is the essential gift, and unfortunately in the true-born Englishman the art sense is not innate. Where the arts are concerned he generally harbours an uneasy feeling of suspicion, which the jargon of the critics does much to foster. Lacking a touchstone, it is to fashion rather than to taste that he does reverence, thereby justifying the apophthegm of Canova, that Englishmen see with their ears. If he would but tarry and open his eyes, he could not fail to see that in its aspect the

city is as exquisitely changeful as a woman. No longer do gardens stretch to the riverside, nor watermen ply their craft, singing Kit Marlowe's verses ; but from the bridges that cross the Thames we may behold skies that were never seen in our golden age, sunsets finer than are seen to-day over the lagoons of Venice. The smoke and vapours exhaled by this strange overgrowth of London, to which the walled city of the Middle Ages was but a seed, create now the most gorgeous, now the most delicate effects of atmosphere, for smoke and haze are often a more subtle medium than the clouds for the absorption and reflection of the sun's colour rays. Take your stand in the evening on Blackfriars Bridge, turning your back on the hurrying crowd that looks neither to the right nor to the left, the ebbing tide of humanity. The river beneath is ebbing, too, and in the distance mists empurpled by the fallen sun appear as clouds of smoke reflecting the blaze of many fires, which rolling eastward seem to threaten the city with a horrible destruction. On a summer night outlines are blurred, or but half revealed beneath a glimmering veil of blue ineffable as the bloom upon dark fruit. The honey-coloured moon hangs low in heaven, a lantern at a carnival. The city is phantasmal.

In winter river and sky are sometimes one, a sheet of pearly grey, the banks are blotted out, nothing is seen but the water, which is like liquid chalcedony, frothing and churning against the piers and meeting beyond in dimpled eddies. Now and again a huge lighter looms out of the mist and swings slowly down, and the gulls that are driven inland from the frost-bound coast rise from the surface in clouds that blacken the red disc of the declining sun. The scene is so strange and wild that the mind reverts to the little cluster of British huts once grouped where Thames Street runs to-day, when the broad, untrammelled

river flowed through marsh and virgin forest. On the ever-shifting distances of London streets which elude definition, and on the suggestive mystery of London skies, Turner's dreams were fed. In his earliest youth it was at Lambeth that he painted the first of his pictures to be hung on the walls of the Academy. It was at Chelsea that he lodged in his old age, in a riverside cottage, from whose roof, or from a wherry, he watched the changes of the heavens, making a spy-glass of his hands. In despite of truth, but in pursuit of beauty, Turner has painted the world with the atmosphere of London.

To turn from the witchery of the skies, it is surely time that a plea was entered for the charm with which the air of London has endued the stonework of our buildings. There are many to whom smoke and grime are always an evil, who wish, perhaps, that our buildings each morning should be sluiced with jets of water, after the Dutch fashion, who would fain scrub St. Paul's. The incomparable Lamb would have none of this : "I love the very smoke of London," he exclaimed. To our statues the grime is fatal, which is no matter for great concern, but in the gradations of light and shade exhibited in the stones of Wren's churches the etcher finds full scope for his art. The Portland stone used in the upper portion of these churches, of a kind never dug now from the quarries, is often bleached to silvery white ; especially is this apparent when spire and tower gleam spectral on the night. But even these silvery stones are delicately marked by the hand of time. And beneath each tower what dignity in a world of shadows ! There are some so preoccupied with the modern search to reproduce the luminous aspect of a sunlit world as to forget that in shadows there is repose. How full of richness and interest the simple wall may be when stained and coloured by the fallow rains, the

drip of water, the erosion of the air, by all the frescoes of wind and weather. The range of tone in the blacks and grays is unapproached in any building that rejoices under the purer skies of Italy. The effects are more subtle. Ignorance alone could vaunt the colour of our stones above the jewelled beauty of Venetian palaces, or the golden travertine of Greece ; but in the half-world of colour, the blacks which are soft as velvet, and the grays which from silver and pearl approach to indigo or russet, London is unrivalled.

Here, even on cloudless days, sunshine is tempered by an invisible canopy of vapours, and for this reason the blue of the sky seems more intimately near than in the South. There is a magic air fertile in illusions. As water will often give a reflection more beautiful than the object, so by this air the mean or squalid is at times transmuted into "something rich and strange," so potent a medium is it for softening, modifying, concealing, for making the values more pronounced. Even in prosaic streets the play of light and shadow upon the roofs and houses will result in a wonderful sky-line, a charming vista. In the old road to Tyburn, from Newgate to the Marble Arch, there is many a pleasing silhouette against the sky of roofs wantonly irregular in style and level, and, in the neighbourhood of the Inns of Court, the countless chimney stacks are picturesque, like a forest of gnarled and twisted branches. That sinister familiar of Paris, Le Stryge, which with lolling tongue leans out from the heights of Notre Dame over the *Ile de la cité*, looks not on so rich a pasture of huddled roofs and winding river as he who mounts the tower of St. Bride's, or the Monument. The human diversity, the wayward energy of the houses, reflects the passionate life which throbs in the city's arteries. The huge and formless structures, hotels, warehouses,

tenements, can thence be seen only in the mass, redeemed by the saving grace of the atmosphere. The florid Palace of Westminster is by distance chastened to a style more nobly Gothic ; the new Law Courts, despite irrelevant arcade and pepper-box, seem no longer such a gallimaufry ; and the Tower Bridge, dim and shadowy, is no incongruous mixture of stone and iron, but has become simple, elemental, as befits the great water gate of London. Beyond, in the pool and in the docks, their crowded masts rising above the houses, are the ships ; tugs are panting up the river, towing a string of lighters laden with coal or timber ; on every wharf the task of unloading proceeds apace, and the file of men that tramp the gangway from the steamer look for all the world like ants laden with eggs. But the eye soon turns from all else to St. Paul's, which from these heights is revealed in the grandeur of its dimensions. In sunlight the soft black shadows upon the dome give to it the fulness of strength, an abiding solidity, while on gray and vaporous days it looms strangely insubstantial, ghostly, islanded in mist, yet always dominant. It is fitting that the centre, to which London points, should be capable of such paradox.

The thought that so much which has delighted the eye has gone or is vanishing is profoundly sad. If London is to have its Méryon, it should be quickly. Sir John Soane, having designed the Bank of England, amused himself with an architectural drawing in which he foretold its appearance when the New Zealander pictured by Macaulay should visit the august ruins of the once Imperial city. He has drawn it with broken columns upreared amid fallen blocks of masonry that are mellowed by the hand of time. Alas, it is not by the slow ravages of time, but at the importunate bidding of commerce that the London we have known disappears. Against this

adversary a Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings is all but powerless. "As with the body's change," so with many a district ; the past fades and is obliterated, and a new phase of London grows swiftly to maturity. But though "good must pass," better rarely if ever follows. I am tempted to think that the advent of the railways wrought as much havoc as the Great Fire itself. To make way for stations, goods-yards, sidings, and the like, many a quiet, old-world street, and many a church, were swept away, and to the rapacity of the railways there is no end. For the increased traffic, which they fed, broad thoroughfares in central London were demanded, and half the great houses were pulled down. When the coaches no longer held the road, the coaching inns, those fair and spacious hostellries, soon dwindled in number. Scarce one is left, though fragments remain in Aldgate, Southwark, and Holborn. The "Old Bell Inn" in Holborn was a sturdy survival, but it is gone now. In some cases, by the irony of fate, it is a railway company that grants a reprieve, and the galleried courtyard, once the scene of so much gaiety, is used for a little while as a railway stable.

One by one our city churches, the rearguard of our past, are disappearing ; in the last generation their destruction has been reckless. Each year now claims its sacrifice ; one year it is St. George's, Botolph Lane, the next St. Peter le Poer—the stones are sold, the interments violated, the sites desecrated. If when the churches were destroyed the towers were allowed to stand, a concession that might easily be made, the injury would be less grievous, for the towers and steeples of the city churches were designed by Wren to form a group of acolytes, supporting the central figure of St. Paul's. By their reduction the symmetry of London has been impaired ; in particular

the loss is to be deplored of the four steeples of Allhallows, Bread Street, St. Antholin's, Watling Street, St. Bene't, Gracechurch, and St. Michael, Queenhithe. In earlier years reasonable or colourable excuse was given for demolition, as that a church must go in order that the approach to London Bridge might be widened, or that another must be absorbed by the Bank of England lest its tower should give dangerous vantage to a mob. But to-day no valid excuse is offered; such is the greed of commerce that a church in which are enshrined the customs, sentiments, and traditions of a people, must give place to a warehouse or a brewery.

The Inns of Chancery, although but a little while ago they were an integral part of London, are now almost a thing of the past. New Inn, whose hall, with its tiled roof and mullioned windows, looked upon a pleasant garden, and Furnival's Inn, where Dickens lived and wrote, are swept away; the name of Clement's Inn is given to a block of unseemly flats, and of Barnard's Inn the hall alone remains. Danes Inn, an independent body, in whose name was embalmed the memory of the old Danish settlement, has shared the fate of New Inn, to make way for a great thoroughfare. Clifford's Inn has been sold, and its fortunes still hang in the balance. May the Fates be propitious to this "haunt of ancient peace," so that, like Staple Inn, which has fallen into good hands, it may be maintained for many a day to soothe the senses with a tranquil charm. It can scarcely be said that the Inns of Court themselves are safe, when it is remembered how the splendid Gothic gateway of Lincoln's Inn of late so narrowly escaped destruction; and what wanton mischief has been wrought by the restorer in the Middle Temple Church, in the hall of Gray's Inn, and in Lincoln's Inn Chapel, which now stands like a steed with its head

in a nose-bag. The Inns of Court and their environment are thronged with memories.. To each his own thoughts, but for me Lincoln's Inn Fields has the most poignant association, for it was here that in 1586 Chidiock Titchbourne was executed, with others implicated in the Babington conspiracy. This gallant and great-hearted gentleman had no sympathy with the plot, yet rather than betray his friend, who had confided in him, he suffered a death as dire as crucifixion.

To the gabled houses which lent such grace to our streets the despoiler is equally ruthless. Wych Street is gone, with its "Rising Sun," and Holywell Street, where students rich and poor spent many an hour in handling books. In Cloth Fair there is still the gabled house of the Earl of Warwick, which has been used by a tallow chandler, and some remain in Aldgate, Clare Market, Cripplegate and Fetter Lane, but they are few and far between. It is possible, too, still to find an old city mansion with oaken staircase, panelled walls, carved chimney-pieces and decorated ceilings. One such, which had been used as a school-house, stood in Botolph Lane a year or two ago, hidden among the warehouses of Billingsgate, but now it has been demolished. For the most part the worthy citizens of London would seem to rejoice in the havoc. "Ah," one hears them say, "what a splendid clearance, what fine new buildings we shall have, what a broad, straight road!" It is the broad way that leadeth to destruction. When whole streets capitulate it must needs go hard with single buildings. Sometimes, as in the case of Sir Paul Pindar's house, their relics are placed in the museums, not far from the bones of extinct animals. Crosby Hall is to be divorced from the associations of Crosby Place, and erected on the Chelsea embankment. That it is saved as a specimen of the domestic architecture of the fifteenth century is due to

private generosity. Few things more saddening to lovers of the arts have occurred in recent years than the dispute over the fate of this noble relic of mediæval London, which had escaped the Great Fire. The efforts of public bodies and of individuals to stay the work of demolition were unavailing, although at the outset the King expressed the hope that means might be found to preserve it.

Happily, not all the changes which are made are evil. Parliament Street is now a more stately avenue than when the lower end was cumbered with a dingy row of houses. The public offices which now stand there are worthy of their environment. Of the new War Office one can hardly speak with the like praise ; in particular the four squat towers give to the building the semblance of an early Victorian dining table with legs in air. The pillars of the doorways, too, are broken at regular intervals with square stone blocks, which are fatal to symmetry. A pillar is as a tree, springing from the earth, graceful in line, it may be slender, yet strong to support arches of masonry, as the tree its spreading boughs. I have often wondered who it was that introduced into our midst this hideous fashion of building pillars with alternate cylinders and squares, which look as if built by a child from a box of bricks. But although the old-world charm of Whitehall is a little impaired by its proximity, the War Office is at least an imposing mass.

Within a year two buildings which all but faced each other, as if to suggest the poles of our society, were razed to the ground, Christ's Hospital and Newgate Prison. Of sluggish brain was he whose imagination was not quickened before the prison walls. Sinister and gloomy pile, strong to withstand assault and to withhold liberty, home of mental agony and sudden death, its grim stones had the dignity of retribution, the irony

of necessity. It was a work of genius by a man of talent, an enigma, unless Mr. Blomfield's theory be accepted, that it was designed while Dance was filled with the inspiration of Piranesi. The thickness of its walls, the rigour of its bars, were revealed at last in forbidding nakedness. Its extirpation was as complete as in days when razed cities were sown with salt, nay, the very foundations were dug out. Beneath them was found a bastion of the old Roman wall, whose dark stones, too, were uprooted, and for a while lay mingled with English bricks and mortar in one dust heap, symbol of the common lot.

“ The tree of man was never quiet :
Then 'twas the Roman, now 'tis I.”

Emotions of a different order are evoked by the loss of Christ's Hospital. It was a familiar possession of the citizens, who could not forbear to linger by the iron grating which separated the playground from the street and watch the sports of the blue-coat boys, that glimpse of the joy of youth through the bars of time. The lofty hall beyond was modern, but the Christ's Passage entrance, with its statue of the boyish king, was designed by Wren. As many relics as might be were removed to the new school at Horsham, but the old counting-house, the very picture of the merchant's office of a bygone day, the court-room, and the little flowering garden, which were almost unknown to the outer world, were doomed to vanish.

Much has been done already to portray these memorials of an older time, but the last decade has seen sweeping encroachments. It is with the intent of filling the gaps in our national records that these drawings of vanishing London by Mr. Hanslip Fletcher have been gathered into a portfolio.

ARTHUR P. NICHOLSON.

THE WALLS OF ROMAN LONDON

THIS illustration shows a part of the Roman Wall of London, which was exposed in 1903 when Newgate Prison was destroyed. It once formed a part of the western enclosure of the city. Still more recently a part of the wall has been found on the site of Christ's Hospital, connected with which were the remains of two semi-circular bastions. Several fragments of the wall on the northern and eastern sides of the city still exist, and its whole course from the Tower of London at the south-east to "London Wall" on the north and Blackfriars on the south-west is accurately known, and can still in large part be followed along the streets which ultimately surrounded the city outside the walls. The wall was about eight feet thick, built of small stones roughly squared on the outside and with much mortar in the interior of the mass. About every three or four feet, that is, after every six or eight courses of stonewalling, there were three courses of large Roman tiles, which very much strengthened the construction. The wall was probably about twenty-five feet high originally, and at intervals were projecting bastions. A ditch surrounded the city in mediæval times called Houndsditch, a name which survives in a street that runs over part of its course. It was crossed by wooden trestle bridges which led up to the gates. The Roman foundations of "Newgate" were discovered together with the fragment of wall which it adjoined. At

Aldersgate evidence of the existence of a bridge has been found, so that is also known to be of Roman origin. Cripplegate, Bishopsgate, and Aldgate can be traced in records back to Saxon days, so that there is every probability that they also represent Roman Gates. With these facts before us we can to some extent imagine the appearance of the old walled city approached by the single, long and narrow bridge over the Thames.

Two points may be specially mentioned. As it has been found that some of the bastions were not bonded to the walls, it has been held that they were built at a later date. Choisy, however, the learned French writer on architecture, notes that, in the Roman Walls of French cities, the towers and the wall were often not bonded together. This, he says, was caused, either by a method of building, so as to allow each to settle independently, or under the sudden pressure of danger the curtain was first thrown around the town, and the bastions were added directly afterwards. Most of such fortifications in France, he says, were built on the approach of the barbarian invasions, and have the characteristics of haste and lack of method. Such Roman Walls in France, at Tours, Senlis, Angers, Bourges, etc., are very similar in every respect to the Wall of London.

The second point is the question of the age of the Wall. The type of the masonry, the fragments of sculptured stones which have been found imbedded in it, and the analogy with foreign walled cities, all go to show that the walls of London cannot have been built earlier than the Fourth Century. Rome itself was re-walled by Honorius, and this was probably part of the same general movement for strengthening the cities of the Empire.

W. R. L.



ROMAN WALL IN THE OLD BAILEY

BILLINGSGATE

TO the lover of our City there are few districts more interesting than that of Billingsgate, the great London fish-market, which from early times has been the headquarters of an important and picturesque industry, and is noted alike for the pungency of its smells and the strength of its language. Gate in this connection implies a landing-stage or water-gate, and hard by is Botolph Wharf, marking, as some believe, the Middlesex end of a bridge earlier than that of the undoubtedly Roman structure preceding old London Bridge.

The Church of St. Botolph, Billingsgate, which stood on the south side of Thames Street near the end of Botolph Lane, was destroyed in the Great Fire and not rebuilt, the parish being united with that of St. George, Botolph Lane. The shred of disused burial ground belonging to it is on the north side of Thames street, and was known as the "upper ground"; the site of the "lower ground" is covered by a warehouse. Stow describes St. Botolph's as a "proper church," and it seems that in 1656 John Wardall left a rent-charge of £4 a year for a lantern which was to be affixed to it "for the lighting of passengers all night long, to and from the waterside, from the feast day of St. Bartholomew to Lady Day." It is worthy of note that no fewer than four London churches were dedicated in honour of the Saxon Saint who gave his name to Boston in Lincolnshire. All the others were near city gates and without the walls. St. Botolph seems to have been especially popular in the

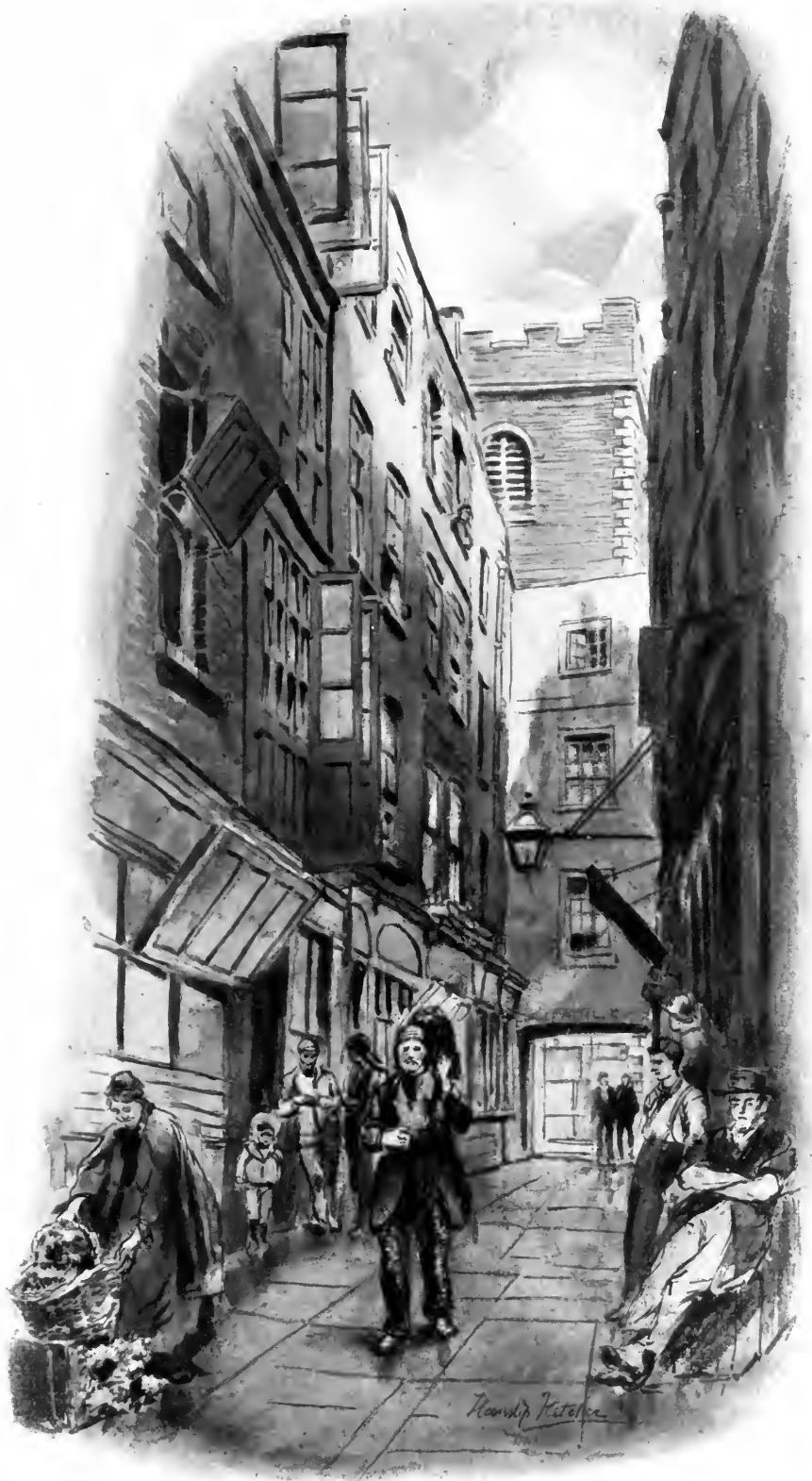
eastern counties, and was regarded as the patron saint of travellers and seafaring folk, who when they started or returned from a voyage or journey might conveniently pray at a church so placed. Some hold him also to have protected beggars, who might naturally have congregated near the gates of a city.

The wayfarer proceeding up Botolph Lane in the direction of Eastcheap will find on his right, at number 32, a gateway leading to a rather spacious courtyard, where on each side are old-fashioned buildings occupied, I think, by fruit merchants, who abound in this neighbourhood. To the east until 1906 stood the stately brick mansion depicted by Mr. Fletcher, which was latterly used as a ward school, its back entrance being in Love Lane. The part facing the courtyard was plain, but had that quality of fine proportion in which modern architects so often fail. The doorway was approached by a double flight of steps ; beneath them an opening had been left : originally a dog kennel to judge from the little hollow for water scooped out in front. Entering a hall which extended right through the house and was paved with alternate chequers of black and white marble, one came upon the chief staircase, dating from 1670, which also forms the subject of an illustration. Upstairs the house had been mutilated, the greater part of the landings on the first and second floors being included in the schoolrooms, but a marble chimneypiece, fine cornices, and other decorative work evinced the taste of former possessors. Perhaps the most interesting room was that immediately to the left of the main entrance. It was panelled throughout, and painted from ceiling to floor with strange designs, among which one could dimly discern the figures of Indians, a rhinoceros, antelopes, palm trees, and other signs of tropical life as it presented itself to the imagination or memory of the artist. According to some



ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, BOTOLPH LANE





BOTOLPH ALLEY



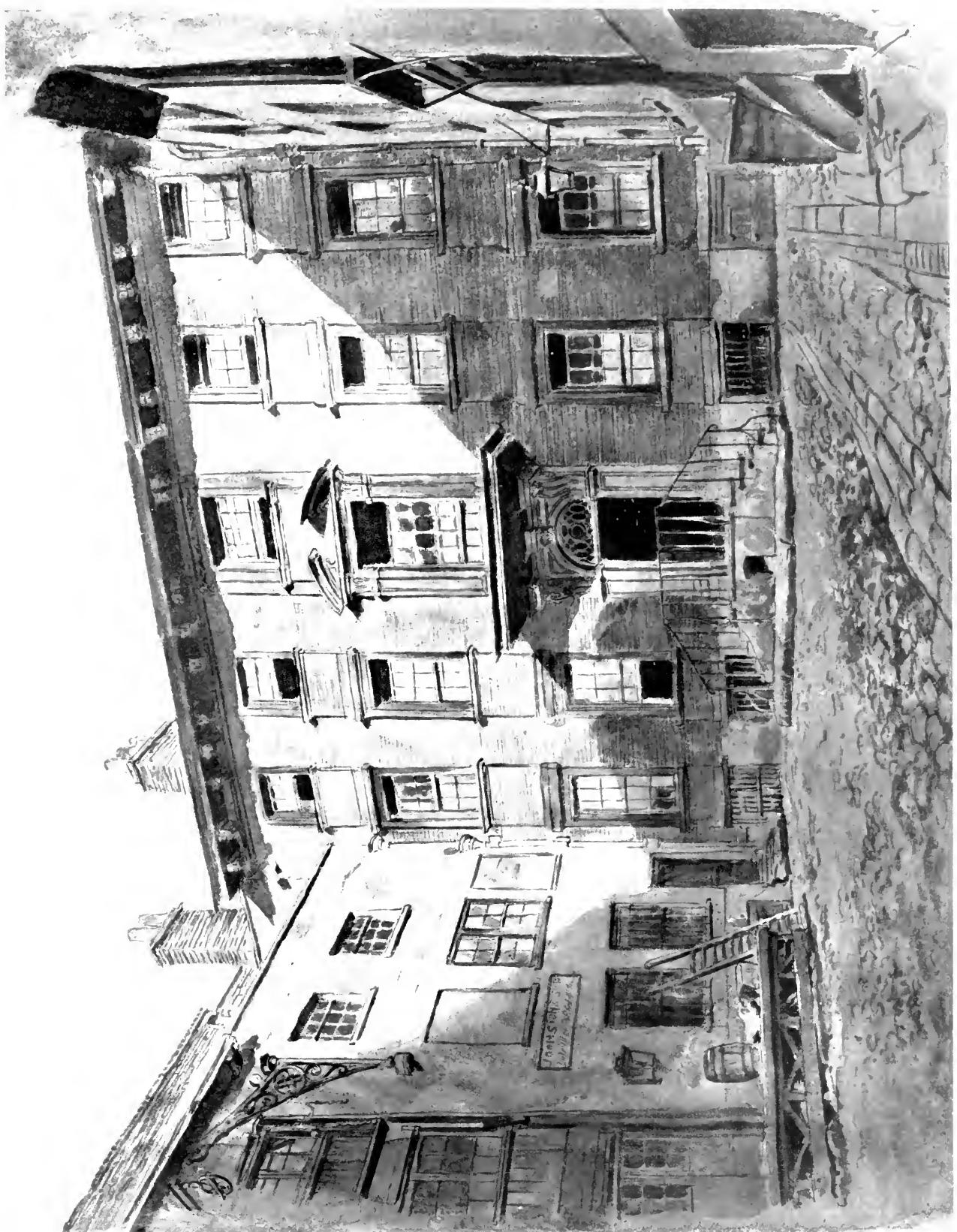
the history of the tobacco plant was here portrayed, but of this the writer could see no sign. The paintings were perhaps in the first instance brightly coloured ; the final tone, however, was a rich mahogany, due partly to time and varnish, partly to the fact that years ago damp Brazil nuts were stored in the basement which became heated, and the fumes forced themselves into the room above. Fortunately, we know the name of the painter of this curious series of pictures, one of the panels being signed "R. Robinson, 1696." The other decorations of the room were a fine plaster ceiling, a carved mantel, and a panelled cupboard. Up a back staircase access could be obtained to the flat lead-covered roof, whence there was a striking view of the river. This house is eloquently described by the late Mrs. Riddell in her pathetic tale called "Mitre Court." Here Mr. Brisco suffered and Abigail Weir passed her innocent girlhood. Their joys and sorrows are true—to human nature at least ; truer, I fear, than Mrs. Riddell's assertion that Sir Christopher Wren was its architect and first inhabitant, although the design is not unworthy of him.

A little further up Botolph Lane on the same side, and also communicating with Love Lane, is the passage called Botolph Alley, which Mr. Fletcher has rightly chosen for another illustration. Apart from its picturesqueness, however, it has no special interest. At the east end stands the Church of St. Mary-at-Hill, of ancient foundation and rebuilt by Sir Christopher Wren after the Great Fire, which contains some fine carved woodwork and three or four of the best wrought-iron sword-rests in the city. It is needless perhaps to add that the Church Army here has its headquarters.

Facing the west end of Botolph Alley, at the corner of Botolph Lane and George Lane, stood the Church of St. George,

swept away in the year 1905 under the Union of Benefices Act. St. George's, rebuilt after the Great Fire which here raged most fiercely, was a very good and characteristic example of Wren's less important churches. The stone tower, remarkable for its entasis, was perhaps the most pleasing of his towers, having neither campanile nor bell turret. The interior was divided into a nave and two aisles by four composite columns, carrying an entablature from which sprang the arched vault of the nave, the ceilings of the aisles being flat. Wren used this arrangement of a square plan with four columns in three other churches,—St. Anne, Aldersgate ; St. Martin, Ludgate ; and St. Mary-at-Hill,—but in each case he varied the treatment. There was at St. George's a handsome carved pulpit and a sword-rest with an inscription to the memory of William Beckford, twice Lord Mayor of London and father of the man who wrote "Vathek." The Wren church was on the site of the former building, which is known to have existed at least as early as the year 1273, and some old material was worked into the walls. The tower foundations were composed of chalk or clunch and seemed to be mediæval. Among the few objects of interest that came to light was a fragment of a stone screen most delicately carved. St. George's is the eighteenth of Wren's churches which have been demolished. Canon Malcolm MacColl was the last rector.

P. N.



OLD HOUSE, BOTOLPH LANE



CHIEF STAIRCASE OF HOUSE, BOTOLPH LANE



THE BUTCHERS' ROW, WHITECHAPEL

WHITECHAPEL, which is associated in most people's minds with murders and hospitals and an Art Gallery that is said to set the fashion in Old Masters to Burlington House, furnishes one of the most unlikely sensations that London gives. It has a genuine Haymarket believed to have been in existence since the time when the City of London was enclosed by walls, and it originated in the congregation of farmers' wagons outside the walls upon the country road. About the same time the butchers must first have planted their stalls, buying their stock from the farmers who came to market, and selling it to the motley crowd who would gather there to deal or stare. Beaumont and Fletcher's "Knight of the Burning Pestle," however, gives one of the first mentions of them. ". . . But have a great care of the butchers' hooks at Whitechapel: they have been the death of many a fair ancient." Several of the butchers' houses here, despite modern additions and plaster-fronts, must have known the street in Jacobean days. The stagger of the woodwork, the short wide oblong of the garret-windows, and the little red-tiled cock-gables peeping over the projecting square-faced windows like the small ruddy face of a corpulent farmer, the brickwork, the chimneys, all tell of a time when the straw and hay that lit up the street in market days had not travelled far from their own fields. Something of the placid old country town can still be surprised in the Row

if you keep your eyes well over the butchers' caverns thronged with men and women not of our race, speaking strange tongues. An old tavern in the Row still keeps a sort of state that has passed from the butchers' shops. It has sturdy blackened door-posts carved with vine leaves, casks lie about the front with an old stumpy crane to lower them into the vaults below, and all this is withdrawn in a little private stone-flagged bay out of the thoroughfare. Inside the tavern are several curious things, old leather bottles, and an ancient tray with Indian devices of the Georgian era.

J. B.



WHITECHAPEL HIGH STREET

CROSBY HALL

FIRE destroyed a great portion of Crosby Place in the latter half of the seventeenth century. Buildings erected on the ruins which the fire created still further encroached upon the ancient fabric. But the magnificent banqueting hall remained, the only considerable monument of fifteenth century domestic architecture left in the metropolis. What neither the flames nor the vandals of an earlier generation had been able to accomplish has been brought about by the apathy of our public authorities in the year 1908, and the last example extant of the residence of a merchant city prince, a place rich in associations with King Richard III, Sir Thomas More, and Shakespeare, has been permitted to be swept away because the ground can be more profitably used for a bank.

Sir John Crosby, a citizen of great wealth and a woolman, obtained in 1466 from the Prioress of the neighbouring Convent of St. Helen's a lease of the land in Bishopsgate Street on which he then dwelt, and a considerable extension to the south and south-west. Upon this larger plot he erected a splendid mansion, the last relic of which has just disappeared. The banqueting hall was doubtless its most imposing feature. The house appears to have greatly impressed the imagination of the people, and Stow, writing a century later, describes it as being built "of stone and timber, very large and beautiful, and the highest at that time in London."

In the year that he commenced building, Crosby was elected Member of Parliament for the City of London. A couple of years later he became an alderman, then sheriff, and for services in repelling the attack of the bastard Falconbridge on London in 1470 he received a knighthood. This stout partizan of the Yorkist cause lived but a short time to enjoy the magnificence with which he had surrounded himself, and, dying in 1475, he and his wife are commemorated in St. Helen's Church by an altar tomb which is one of the best known monuments in London. Of the subsequent tenants of Crosby Place, as originally it was known, who include two Lord Mayors, and the last of distinction ancestors of the great family of Spencer Compton, space permits me to mention two only.

Eight years after the death of Sir John Crosby the mansion passed into the possession of Richard Duke of Gloucester. It became a centre of intrigue, where the Protector gathered his adherents around him, while the King's Court was left desolate.

It is probably not the fact that the citizens waited upon Richard at Crosby Place to offer him the crown. Shakespeare has more authority for placing that event in Baynard's Castle. In no fewer than three passages of his play of King Richard III Shakespeare refers to Crosby Place, which is first introduced where, addressing the widowed Anne Nevill (afterwards his Queen) he begs

“ That it would please thee leave these sad designs
To him that hath more cause to be a mourner,
And presently repair to Crosby Place.”

Again it recurs in dialogue with Catesby and with the First Murderer. Shakespeare was a parishioner of St. Helen's and must have known its great house intimately ; it is a likely

supposition that, when Sir John Spencer and his daughter occupied the mansion, the poet was present at masques and theatricals which took place there.

It has been a tradition that Sir Thomas More lived at Crosby Place about five years. He has been said to have written his "Utopia," and to have received Erasmus, in this splendid dwelling. Quite recently new evidence has come to light, which is dealt with by Mr. Philip Norman in his exhaustive monograph (with Mr. W. D. Caröe) on Crosby Place, prepared for the Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London. In the summer of 1907 eight original deeds relating to Crosby Place were sold at Sotheby's. They show that Sir Thomas More paid £150 for the property to the executors of Sir John Rest, the date being June 1st, 1523. As he sold the lease to his friend Antonio Bonvisi for £200 in the following January, there is doubt if More actually resided there.

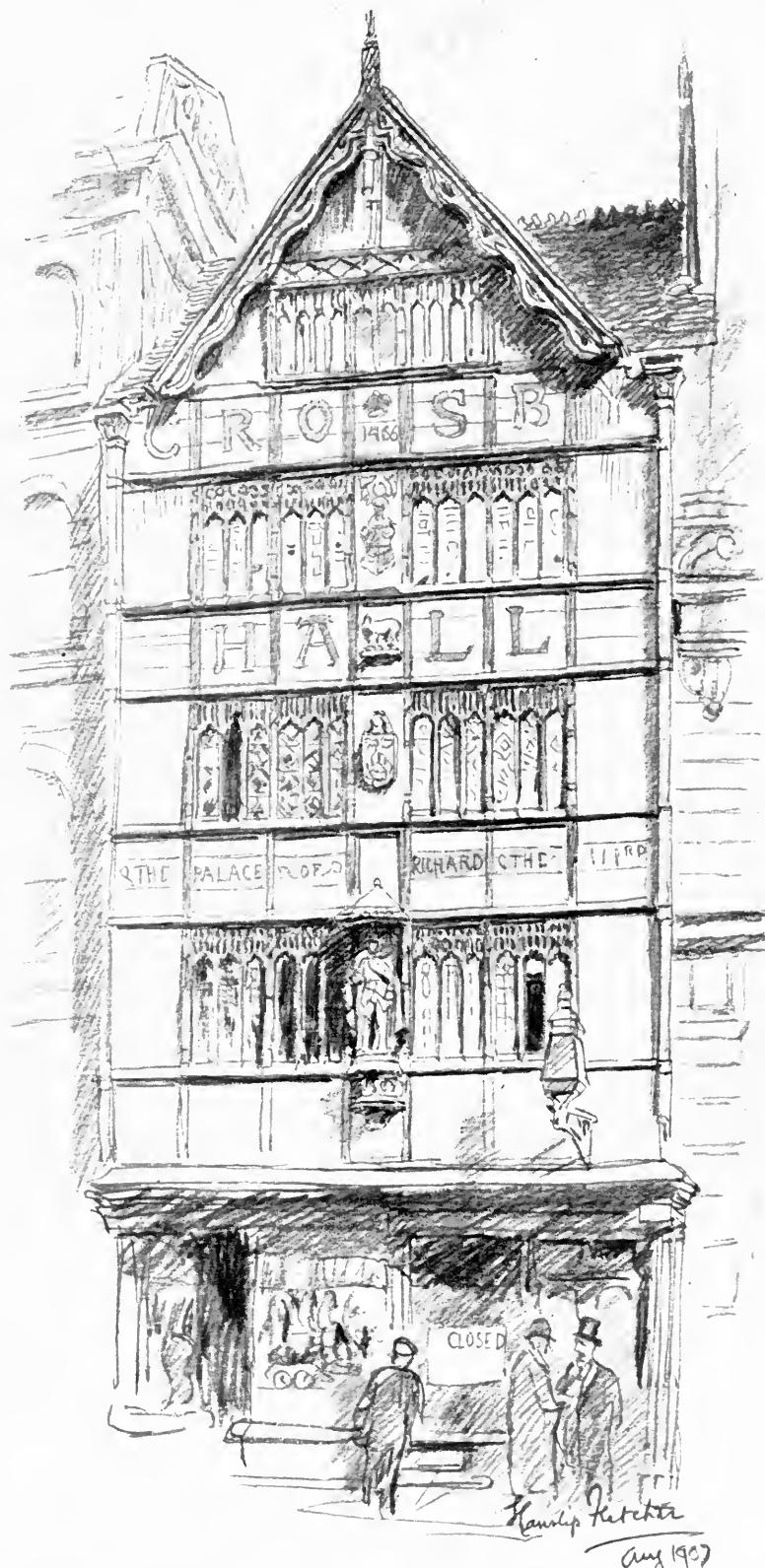
In general, the first impression of the visitor on entering Crosby Hall was of its admirable proportions, and the fine effect of the plain walls contrasting with the rich and harmonious scheme of windows and roof. In detail, the eye first lingered on the grand oak roof, divided into numerous compartments, from the pendants at the intersection of the main transverse and longitudinal ribs springing a series of four-centred arches in every direction. Above them were perforated spandrels, and with the chief transverse ribs brought down below the springing line of the roof on to stone corbels, the whole wore an appearance of depth and solidity which was most striking. Few specimens of fifteenth century timber work now extant can rival this roof either for the beauty of its design or the skill which the mediæval craftsmen displayed in its construction.

There was an especial charm about the oriel window. In

reality it was a great bay, set out on five sides of an octagon, three sides of which, and half of a fourth, were pierced by two-light windows. In the angles were single groin shafts from which the main ribs of the vault sprang. So delicate a piece of composition is rare. None of the original glass survived, in this window or others, but with the light passing through that which in modern days had replaced it the effect was delightful. In addition to the banqueting hall, there remained of old Crosby Place two apartments of the north-west wing known as the "great chamber" and the "great parlour," one above another, but they had suffered so much from decay and restoration as to be of little value.

I cannot conclude these all too brief notes on Crosby Hall better than by quoting from Mr. Caroe the following passage : " It was not one of the great halls in size, but even in its forlorn condition, with its suspicion of early 19th century restorations upon it and the later veneer of eating-house vulgarities to alloy its charm, it yet stood a monument of the highly developed artistic taste of a great building age. In it was displayed a combination of simplicity of parts, of solidity of construction, and of richness of detail where richness is called for—the whole a striking and impressive unity, put together without conscious effort, a lesson of repose to the modern architect. Fortunate are we to be the successors of those who could produce work of this high class; unworthy when, as in this case, we fail to appreciate or understand our fortune."

W. B.



MODERN FRONT OF CROSBY HALL



VIEW OF ROOF, CROSBY HALL





ORIEL OF CROSBY HALL



CROSBY HALL AS RESTAURANT





THE LAST OF CROSBY HALL

ST. PETER-LE-POER

ST. PETER-LE-POER is not to be reckoned in the melancholy list of destroyed Wren Churches, as is the Church of St. George, Botolph Lane, elsewhere described in this book. The older Church on this site escaped destruction by the Fire, and lasted until 1788, when the building, of which the front is here figured, was erected from the design of Jesse Gibson and consecrated in 1792 by Bishop Porteous, only to be destroyed quite lately with the assent of his latest successor in the See.

The title of the Church has been much discussed. Choosing the more obvious solution, Stow suggested that it was "sometime peradventure a poor parish," though in his time it contained "many fair houses." Possibly "Poer" is a corruption of "Parvus," which was a part of its designation in certain old documents. The building as we knew it was not rightly orientated, but stood north and south. It was circular in form, with a recessed sanctuary on the north side, the basement storey of the tower forming an entrance porch on the south. The interior was lighted by means of a large lantern with glazed sides, rising from the middle of the ceiling. The only portion of the Church that was visible was the tower front on the north side of Old Broad Street. Not among the most beautiful of our City Churches, it was yet worthy of a better fate than that which has befallen it. No one seeing the drawing of this can think that Old Broad Street is the better for its

disappearance. One of the Rectors of St. Peter-le-Poer was Richard Holdsworth, Dean of Worcester, who ministered to Charles I when he was a prisoner at Carisbrooke, and whose monument—for he was buried here—was at the entrance to the organ gallery. It appears, however, to have been forgotten at the time the Church was rebuilt, as has been shown above, and lay neglected in the vaults for a century. A later Rector was the Whig Divine, Dr. Benjamin Hoadly, Bishop successively of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury and Winchester, and famous for his polemical writings. The Bangorian controversy, associated with his Bangor episcopate, resulted in the suppression of Convocation for more than a century.

A. R.



ST. PETER-LE-POER

4—(2210)

PLATE XIII



CRIPPLEGATE

THE gate formerly leading out from the city to the moor on its northern side was known from very ancient times by the name of Cripplegate. Our older writers, jumping at the most obvious etymological solution, explained it as “being so called by cripples begging there”—this is Stow’s derivation—or as pointing to the existence of a hospital for cripples hard by that entrance to the city, which is Camden’s conjecture. A less obvious but more likely theory is that the name implies a covered exit from a fortress. Be that as it may, Cripplegate has long been the name not merely for the gateway but for a whole parish and ward. A well-founded tradition assigns the building of St. Giles’s Church, the tower of which is visible in Plate XIV, to one Alfune in the last years of the eleventh century, and Matilda, the Consort of Henry I, is said to have established in connexion with it a guild of Our Lady and St. Giles. This Alfune appears to have been associated with Rahere, the founder of St. Bartholomew’s Priory and Hospital (see Art. Bartholomew Close), and to have served as the first Almoner of that great foundation. Alfune’s Church was rebuilt in the fourteenth century, and this later building suffered, in 1545, so badly through a fire that its interior had to be reconstructed. The renewed Church escaped the ravages of the Great Fire of London, and, subject to some external repairs and alterations of its interior fittings, remains substantially the sixteenth

century Church. The steeple, which contains a splendid peal of twelve bells, is a commanding feature, and, with its curious turret top, shows well above the obstructing houses. Exceptional interest attaches to St. Giles's in the celebrated names that are associated with its history. Bishop Lancelot Andrewes was its Vicar for the seven years preceding his elevation to the episcopate. His name, as Vicar, is appended to an exceedingly homely inscription in verse on a tablet recording the benefactions of a munificent "Ale-Brewer," Charles Langley by name. One would rather credit the churchwardens, whose names are also given, with this composition, than the famous Bishop. The author, perhaps, was a parochial minor poet. The parish register records the marriage of Oliver Cromwell to Elizabeth, daughter of Sir James Bourchier, August 22, 1620. John Milton and his father lie buried beneath the Church, the poet's place of sepulture being marked by a stone in the chancel floor, while a cenotaph in the south aisle, surmounted by his bust by the elder Bacon, makes a more ambitious effort to do honour to both father and son. Later still, at the Milton Tercentenary, a statue of the poet has been placed outside the Church near the north porch. As in the case of Cromwell, with whom Milton was associated in his life and also in the records of this parish, so also there is a like connexion between the latter and the family of the Earls of Bridgewater. That family lived in the Barbican hard by, in a town mansion which is now represented by Bridgewater Square, and it was for Lord Bridgewater's children that Milton wrote his masque of *Comus*. Another Cripplegate worthy is Martin Frobisher, "one of the first to explore the Arctic Regions and the West Indies," as his recent monument declares, and a knight who "gained great glory by his skill and bravery in the naval engagements

GREEN DRAGON COURT

AS in other places, so especially in London, the quest of the picturesque and quaint was, and to some extent still is, most fruitfully followed in hunting out the old inns and taverns. If it were only for their names and signs, they would be worthy of notice, for they preserve old heraldic traditions and family history, or illustrate the playful fancy of our ancestors, or (see Plate XXIX) keep alive the memory of some otherwise forgotten worthy. The Dragon, familiar as an heraldic emblem and as a well-known accompaniment of the miracle-plays, was a favourite tavern sign. Dragons red and Dragons green are legion in the land, and London possessed not a few of them. The Green Dragon, in particular, the back view of which was (see Plate XVI) a strange huddle of buildings, was an old house on the slope of St. Andrew's Hill in Blackfriars. The Hill is named from the Church, which has the curious title of St. Andrew by the Wardrobe. This was derived from its proximity to the King's great Wardrobe, a house built by Sir John Beauchamp, son of Guy, Earl of Warwick, and sold by him to King Edward III. Here the Master of the Royal Wardrobe resided, having under his care the robes required for State ceremonies, and, as it appears, at one time the State Papers were stored here. A quiet little court leading out of Carter Lane at the top of St. Andrew's Hill bears the name of Wardrobe Place. It is conceivable that the servants wearing the King's livery refreshed

themselves at times in the hostelry of the Green Dragon. The court behind the inn now consists of not very old houses. One of these, as seen this summer, was quite embowered in creepers and flowering plants, just like a country cottage. To come upon it within a few yards of that busy thoroughfare, Queen Victoria Street, was indeed a surprise, though it is, of course, a familiar fact that there are innumerable Londoners who cultivate flowers and greenery in the most unlikely and unfavourable surroundings. It is as though they must have something to remind them of the country, of which, if they had never lived there themselves, they have heard their fathers tell. It was this same "Back to the Land" instinct that made that old roysterer of the town, Sir John Falstaff, "babble o' green fields" as he lay a-dying.

A. R.



GREEN DRAGON COURT



CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

NEWGATE STREET possessed until a year or two ago two famous institutions, almost within a stone's throw of each other, namely, Newgate Prison and Christ's Hospital. The Newgate portal, so full of architectural character, has passed, and in its place has risen a nondescript edifice representing nothing in particular.

The vanished Bluecoat School is still familiar to all lovers of Old London, and has engraved its memory in their hearts for all time owing to two facts:—first, the proximity of the playground to the busy street, and, second, the picture of the great Hall and lesser buildings enlivened by the changing groups of scholars. The site was first occupied in 1225 by the Grey Friars, or Friars minor of the order of St. Francis, who built a stately church and monastic buildings which flourished until the suppression on November the 12th, 1538. The ornaments and chattels were made over to the king. The church was then closed and used as a storehouse for prizes taken from the French; but in 1546 was again opened for use. Partly owing to the efforts of Sir Richard Gresham, Bishop Ridley was enabled to state in a sermon he preached at Paul's Cross that the Greyfriars Church and conventional grounds should be devoted to the poor. An indenture between Henry VIII and the Mayor and commonalty of London, dated December 27th, 1545, sets forth that the whole of the edifices and ground were made over to this body for ever.

Bishop Ridley, through his sermon before Edward VI at Westminster on the necessity of relieving the poor, was the means of founding for the innocent and the fatherless the house which was the late Greyfriars, and called it by name Christ's Hospital.

Edward granted the buildings, but the citizens had to contribute largely before the charter with the great seal attached was granted. The citizens repaired the old buildings, and installed 340 children. A month after the charter was given by the king, ten days before his death.

Stow, in his "Survey of London," mentions the following:— In the year 1552 began the repairing of the Greyfriars house for the poor fatherless children ; and in the month of November the children were taken into the same to the number of about four hundred. On Christmas Day, in the afternoon, while the Lord Mayor and Aldermen rode to Paules, the children of Christ's Hospital stood from St. Lawrence Lane end in Cheape towards Paules all in one livery of russet cotton, three hundred and forty in number ; and in Easter next, they were in blue at the Spittle, and so have continued ever since."

About a hundred years later an extract from the diary of Evelyn reads as follows :—" April 21st, 1657. I saw Christ Church and Hospital, a very goodly Gothic building : the hall, school, and lodgings in great order for bringing up many hundreds of poor children of both sexes : it is an exemplary charity. There is a large picture at one end of the hall representing the Governors, Founders and the Institution."

The old monastic buildings suffered severely in the Great Fire. They were not wholly destroyed, but the great church was totally consumed, and it was left to the citizens of London again to sustain the charges for reparation.



ENTRANCE TO CRIPPLEGATE CHURCHYARD



which terminated in the defeat of the great Spanish Armada, 1588." The monument in question was raised to his memory by the Vestry on the Tercentenary of the Armada. Elsewhere in the Church there are memorials of John Foxe, the martyrologist, who spent his last years in the parish, but not, as erroneously affirmed, as the Vicar; and of John Speed, the geographer and historian. A successor of Bishop Andrewes in the incumbency was Dr. Buckeridge, who was made Bishop of Ely in 1628. A noted parishioner was Daniel Defoe, who, however, lies buried in Bunhill Fields, not in the parish Church or cemetery.

Plate XIV shows a group of buildings, now removed, which, it is true, obstructed the view of the Church from the street, but were extremely pleasing. One of them was known as the Quest House, so called from the body of officials who met there to investigate the business of the Ward. The lower portion of the house contained a fine vestry room, and the upper portion provided a lodging for the sexton. It must be admitted that the loss of this old range of houses has to some extent been compensated with the gain of a better view of the north side of the Church, which has now been externally restored with a new porch added to take the place of the old entrance. When one thinks what might have been the consequence of this demolition, there is every reason to be thankful that in this case even something has been gained. Plate XV gives an excellent idea of the old houses as seen from the churchyard, which, by the way, is a delightful green oasis on which the wanderer through dreary streets of great ugly warehouses and offices comes suddenly to find there wonderful refreshment. In the garden of the Vicarage, which is a portion of the enclosure, there is a fine bastion, some 36 feet wide and 12 feet high,

being the best preserved remnant of the ancient London Wall. Near it once stood the Cripplegate that gives its name to the district. Twenty years ago there were few bits of London that retained the look of an old-fashioned town so much as the part of Cripplegate adjacent to the Church. We must be content that, in spite of other changes, this, at least, will continue, with its green and peaceful churchyard, to remind us of an older day.

A. R.

IN CRIPPLEGATE CHURCHYARD

Old House Cripplegate,
Hampshire Jan 1903.



stone of the new Hall was laid by the Duke of York on the 28th April, 1825, the site being partly on the ancient wall built for the defence of the City of London, and on the foundations of the refectory belonging to the monastery of the Grey Friars.

The quiet brick buildings behind Christ Church were used partly as offices and board rooms for the governors ; the principal room here was the Court Room (Plate XXI), which contained a portrait of Edward VI reputed to be by Holbein, and several other portraits of past governors and dignitaries associated with the City of London. The chief architectural feature of this room was the segmental ceiling supported by fluted Doric columns. Among the many odds and ends in the shape of doors and entrances, the Counting House doorway and steps are worthy of mention ; here again the extreme studied simplicity of the design was an important factor in its success.

Among the men afterwards famous who received their earliest education at Christ's Hospital, the most noted are Coleridge, Leigh Hunt, and Charles Lamb, the last named of whom has written down for us his Recollections of his old School.

Schemes for the transference of the School from London were continually before the Governors, and once a project was on foot for a new street and railway under it. The School, however, was exceptionally healthy, and the Governors clung tenaciously to their old site. But at last they have given up the struggle, and very soon all traces of the Grey Friars and Christ's Hospital will have vanished. Thus it is that the legacies of the past are ruthlessly hacked down, little or no regard is paid to the lessons they teach, in a few years the sites are covered, and the destruction is complete.

A. E. R.



ENTRANCE TO CHRIST'S HOSPITAL

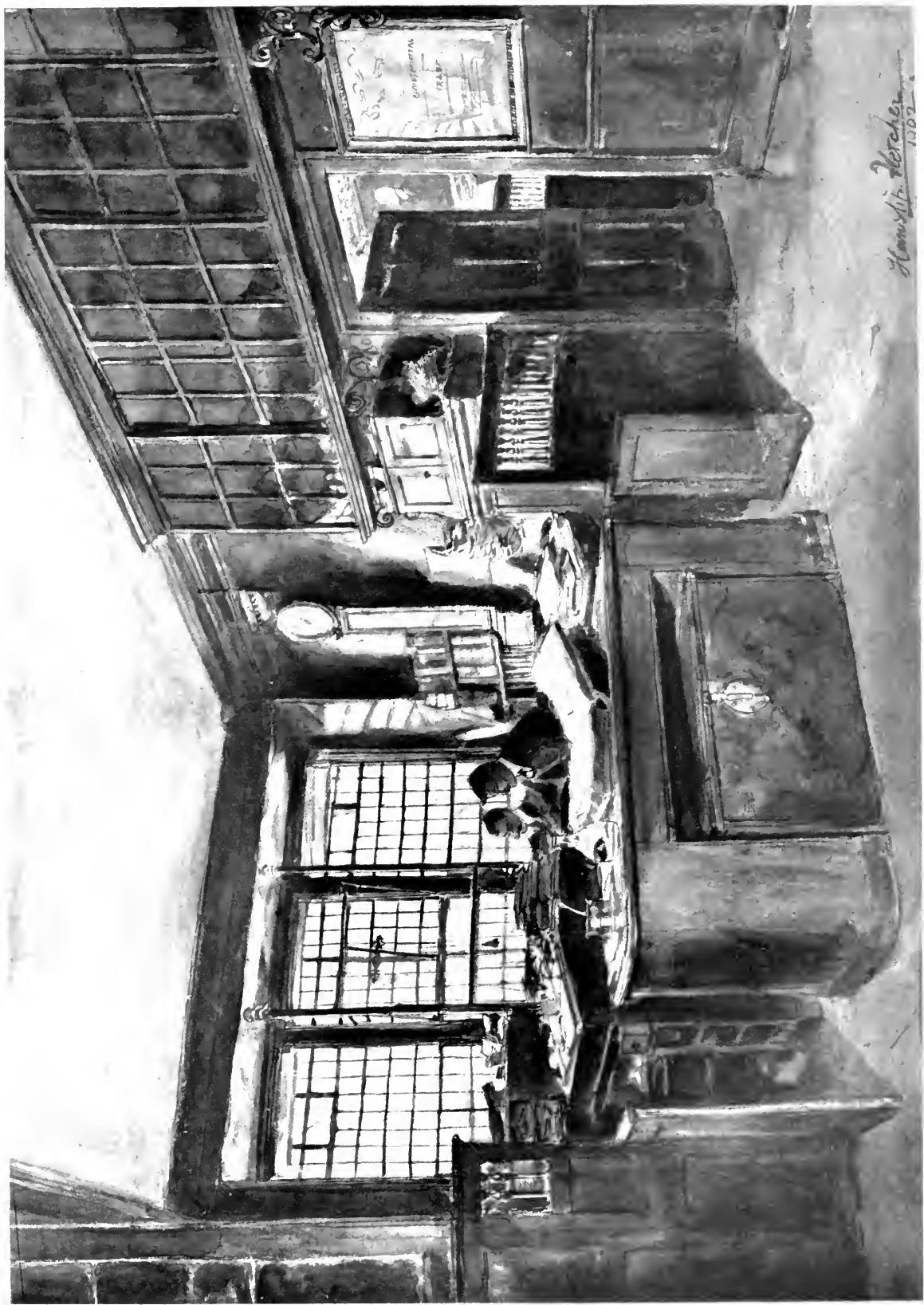
J. G. M. Fletcher
1875



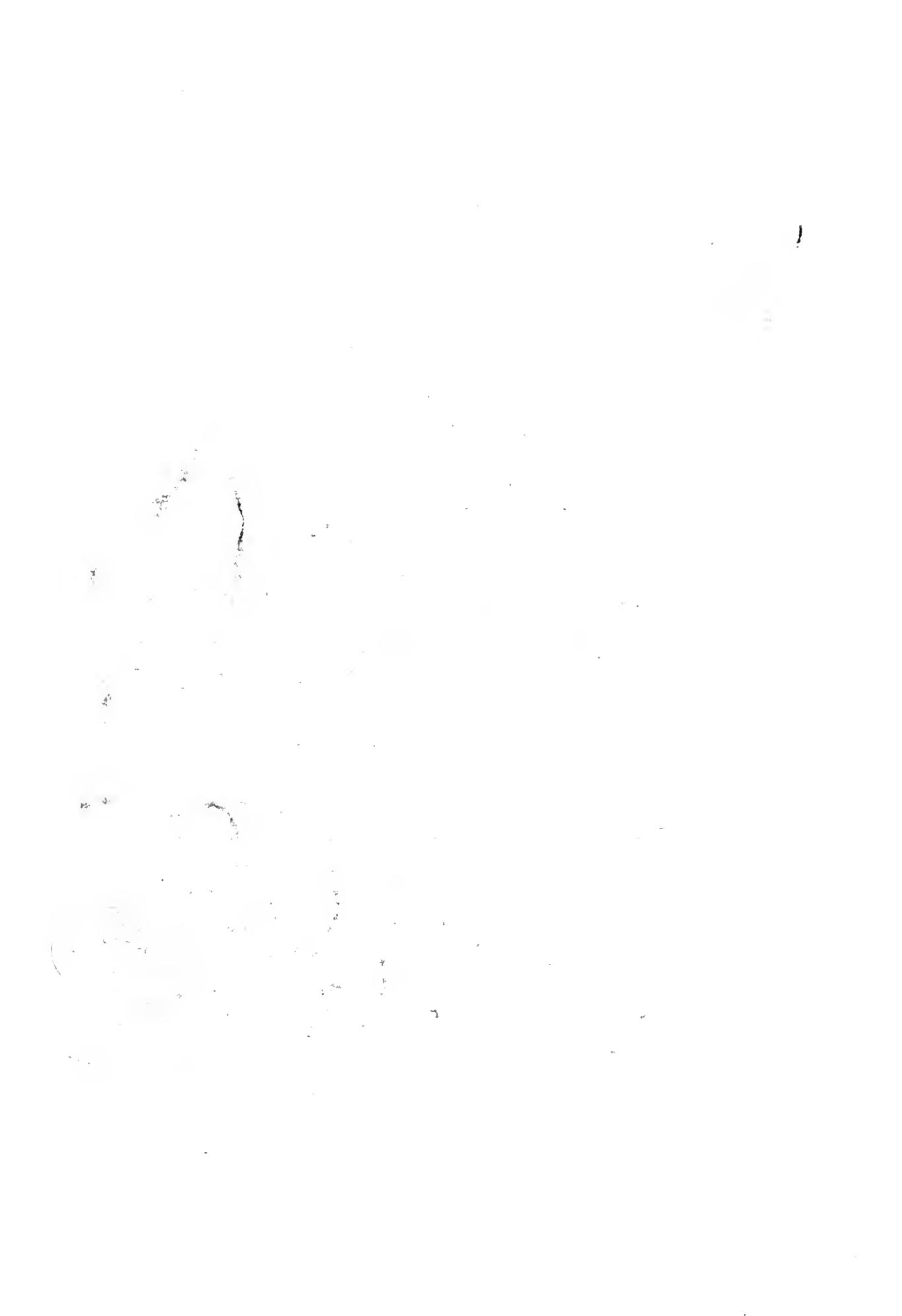


TREASURER'S GARDEN, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL





COUNTING HOUSE, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

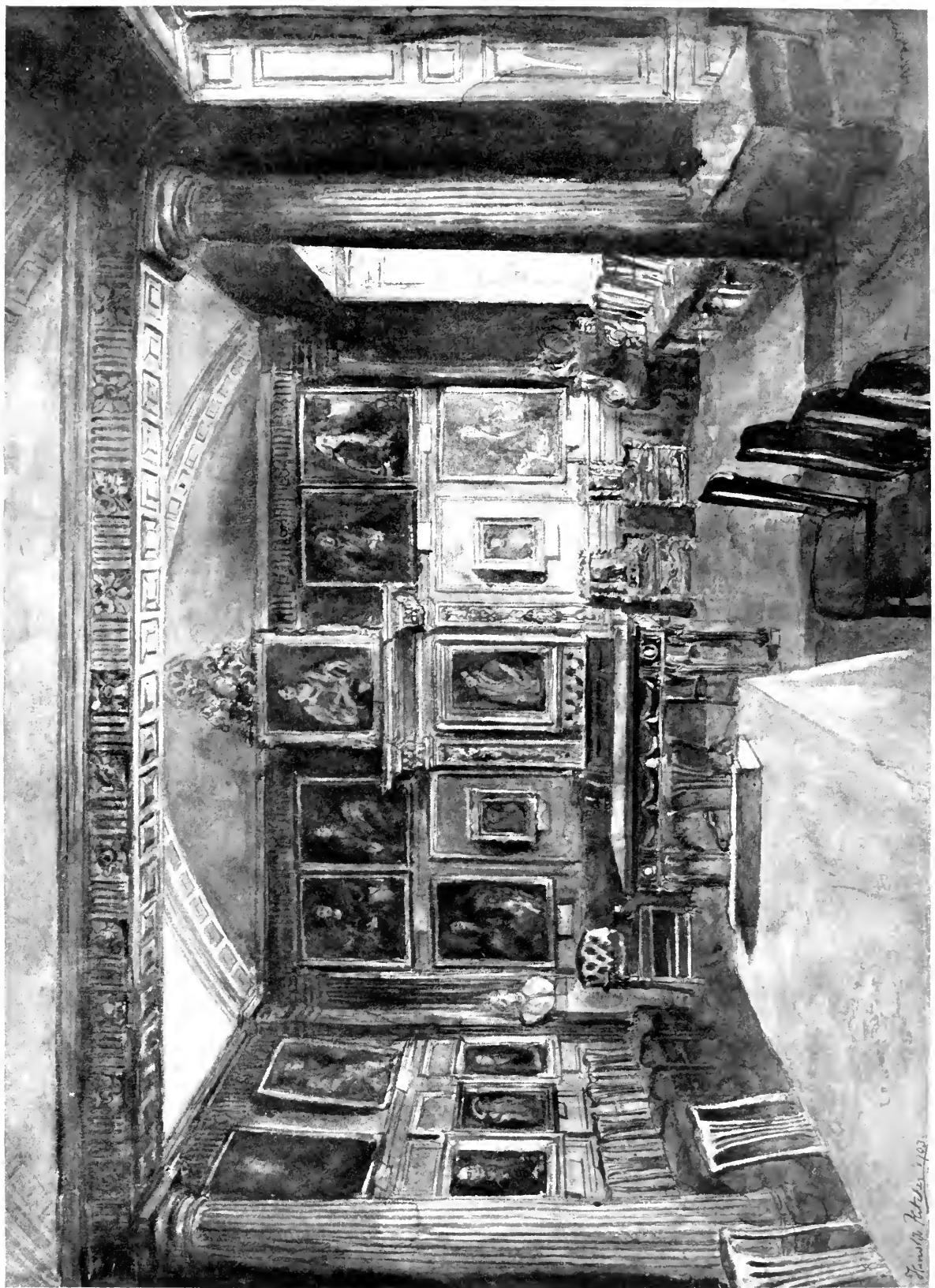




INNER OFFICE, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL



COURT ROOM, CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.







A BLUECOAT BOY



THE OLD BAILEY

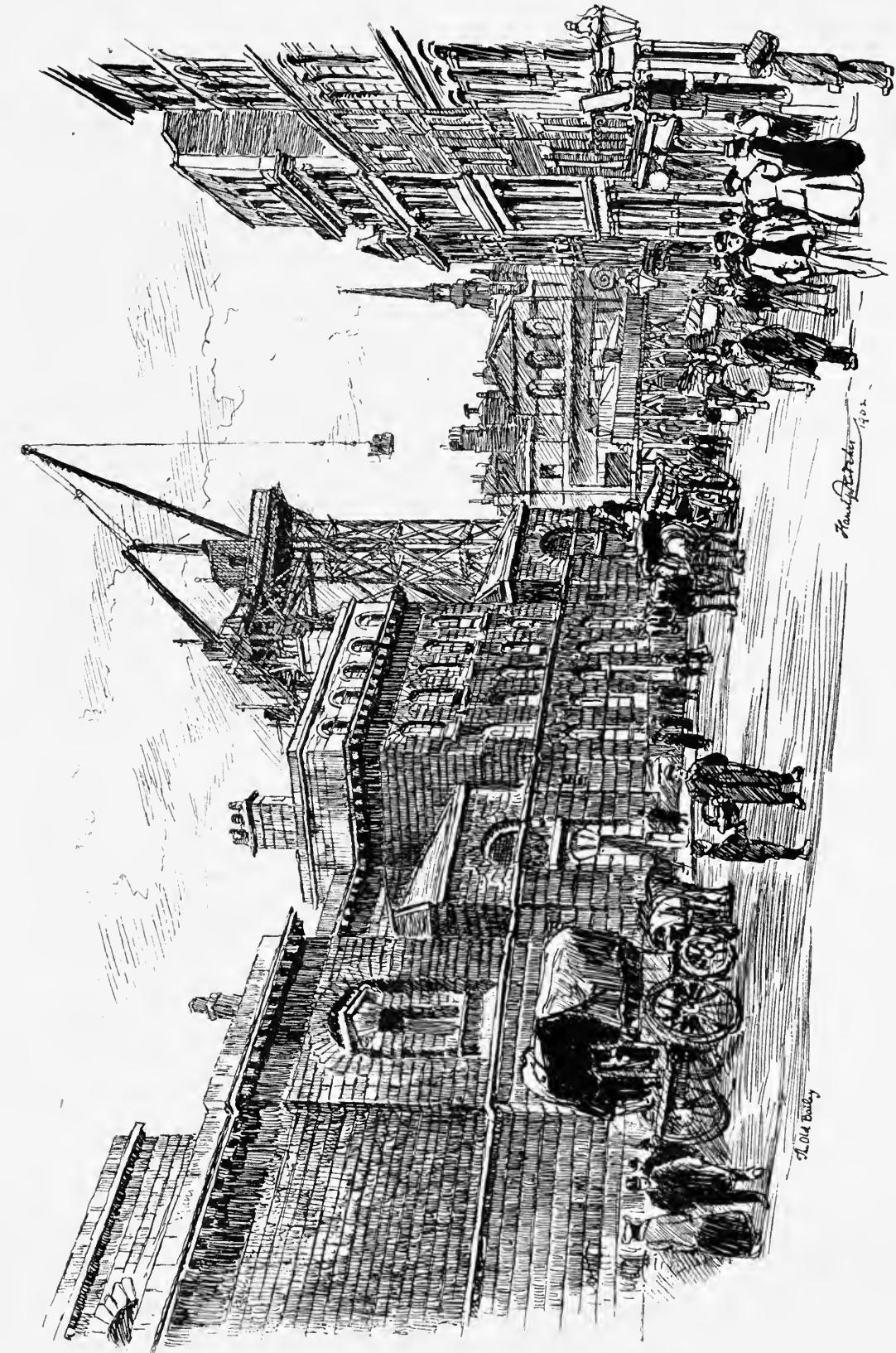
OF all the vandalisms which have dishonoured modern London none is more deeply to be deplored than the demolition of the Old Bailey. A howl of execration is raised against the madman who smashes a Portland Vase, the world denounces as criminal the wretch who rips to pieces a masterpiece of painting, and odious to all civilised mankind is the wanton hammer of the iconoclast. Yet every year some noble building is dismembered and its destruction arouses but a few faint protests. The disappearance of the Old Bailey entailed the loss of a work of art, one of the most precious monuments of architecture which London possessed. Significance is the soul of architecture as distinguished from mere building, and the sacramental glory of Newgate was that, being a prison, it looked a prison. The massive grey fortress stood forth from its surroundings the grim embodiment of law and order, the awesome expression of balanced force, and now its site has been usurped by a meaningless structure, a travesty of a cathedral with the trappings of an eating-house.

No words can undo this tragedy of architecture. Utilitarian considerations could have been met by interior alterations, and it was no more necessary to pull down those sturdy walls for the comfort of the lawyers, than it would be to destroy the Tower for the better accommodation of the Yeomen of the Guard. And this brings me to the point of this note. The

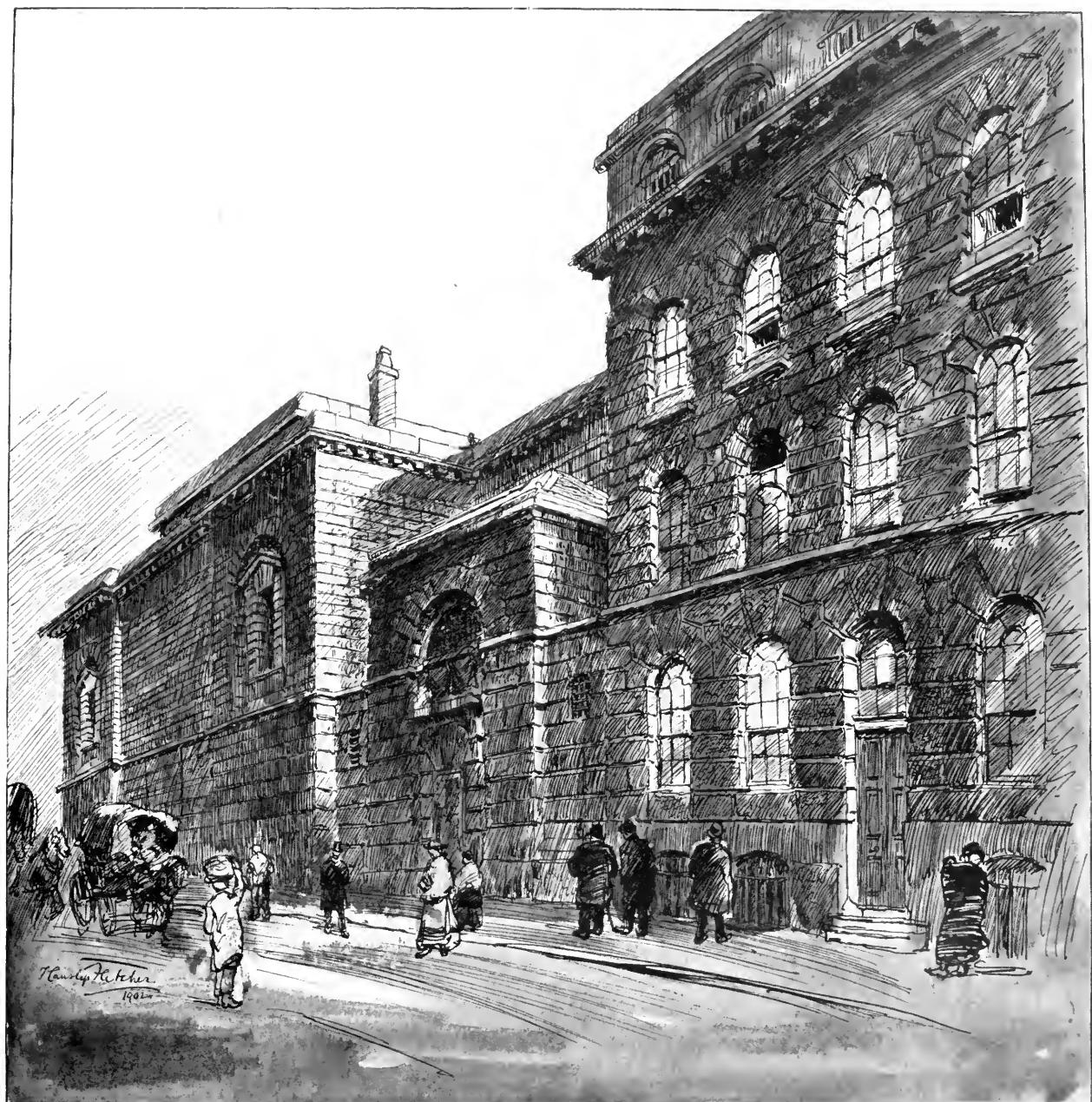
Tower is defended from sacrilegious hands by the force of its associations, though as a work of art it is not to be compared to the Old Bailey. But while admitting the respect that is due to historical associations, these cannot be allowed to be the only, nor even the chief claims to a building's preservation. The sanctification of a building as noble architecture, merely because it is ancient, is folly as great as the undiscriminating contempt for another building on the sole ground that it is modern. We should allow neither dates nor associations to lead us into a quagmire of sentimental hysteria. Not that the Old Bailey was lacking in associations. Here were tried persons as variously eminent as William Lord Russell, the Earl of Shaftesbury, Horne Tooke, Richard Savage, Jonathan Wild and Jack Sheppard. Here Daniel Defoe commenced his Review, here Penn of Pennsylvania was confined, and here, in the prison he had emptied and set in flames, died Lord George Gordon. The latest of the prisons occupying this ancient site was not itself ancient. It was designed by George Dance the younger, and the first stone was laid by Alderman Beckford on May 31, 1770. For ten years the building operations slowly continued, but after the Gordon riots of 1780 the work was completed in the space of three years.

Let no one hitherto unfamiliar with its date of origin consider that for this reason the passing away of Newgate can be viewed with less regret. On the contrary, its comparative youth renders its wilful destruction the more detestable and atrocious. False sentiment alone bewails the loss of a link with Jack Sheppard, but all honest men may weep for the murdered memory of a great and unrecognised British architect.

F. R.

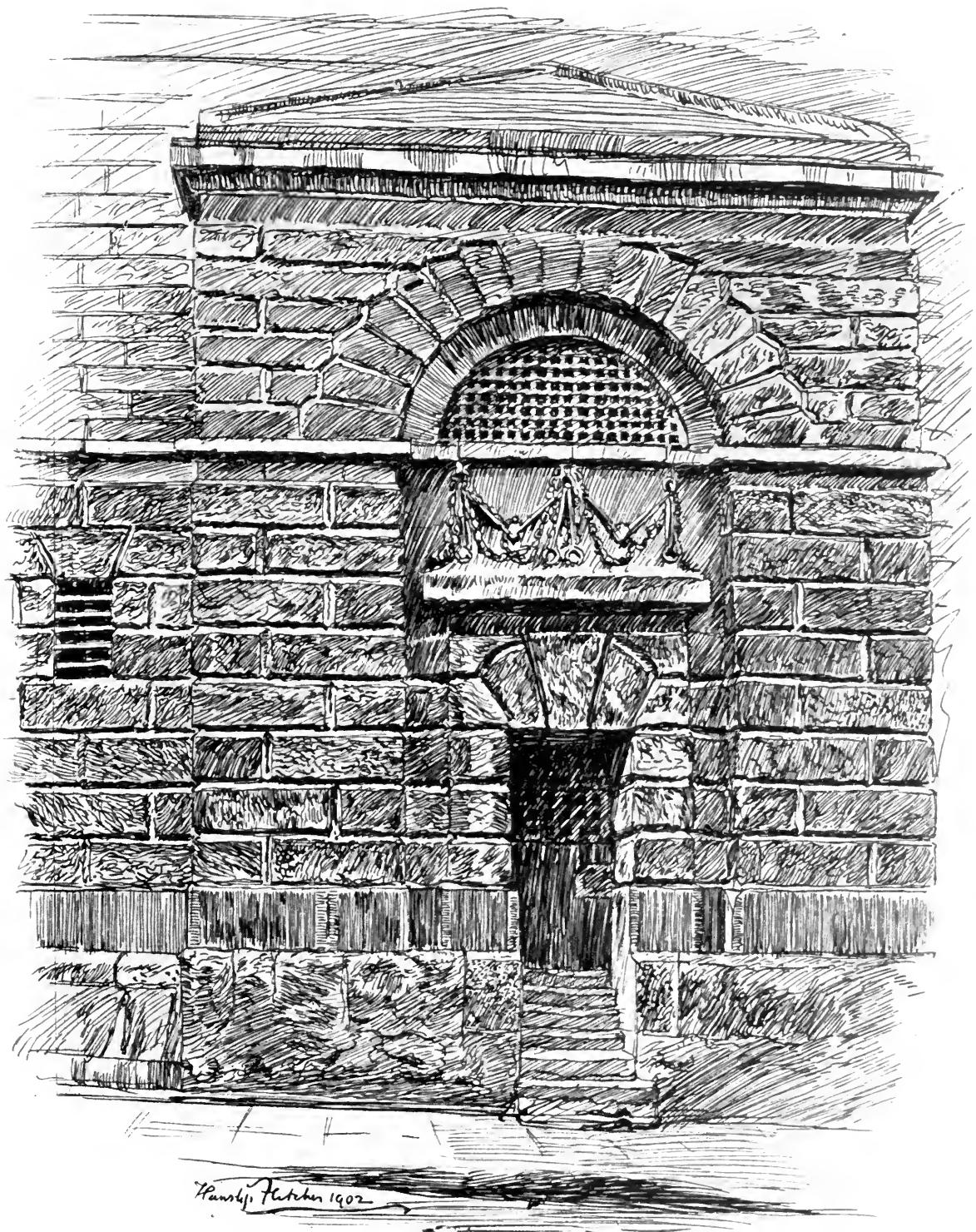


NEWGATE PRISON



NEWGATE PRISON AND GOVERNOR'S HOUSE





DEBTORS' GATE, NEWGATE

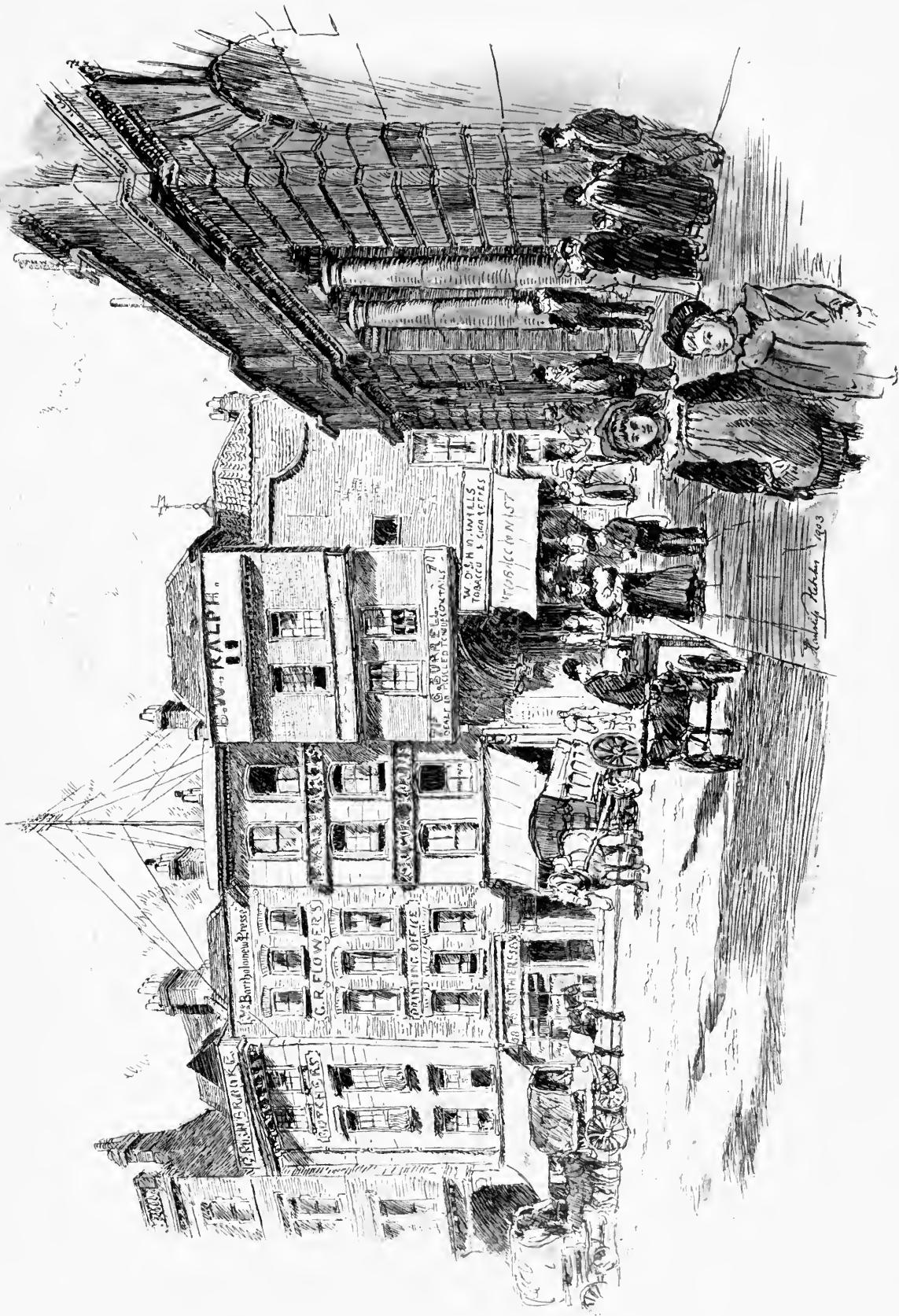


SMITHFIELD

WEST SMITHFIELD—the Smiffle of Thackeray, *campus planus re et nomine*, Smooth Field alike in fact and name, as Fitzstephen (*temp. Henry II*) described it—is a place of many memories, the scene of many occurrences, some brilliant, some tragic, some memorable in history. For some eight centuries its great space afforded room for a horse and cattle market, which became the largest in the world. Here the humbler citizens ran races and held their quintain matches, and, as the chroniclers tell us, many famous jousts took place, attended by Kings, Princes and Nobles. They would come—Stow says—from the Tower Royal in the Vintry Ward, “knights well armed and mounted,” along Knightrider Street and thence to Creed Lane, “and so out at Ludgate towards Smithfield,” which they entered by the street still called Giltspur Street, “when they were there to tourney, joust or otherwise to show activities before the King and states of the realm.” Mortimer and, amid the festivities of Bartholomew Fair, the patriot Wallace were executed in Smithfield, as the place of execution before Tyburn became associated with the gallows tree. It was in Smithfield that the young king, Richard II, with his back to the west gate of St. Bartholomew’s Priory which faces us in Plate XXVI, confronted the rebels under Wat Tyler, whom the Mayor, Walworth, struck down, and whose wounds proved beyond the skill of the surgeons of the adjoining hospital.

It was in Smithfield that men suffered for their alleged heresy, the last victim being an unfortunate Arian in the reign of James the First, and the tale of the sufferers being reckoned backward for several centuries. In Smithfield, too, at Bartholomew Fair, one of the great fairs of the world, there was seen every year until 1855 the vast overflow of booths and stalls and shows, for which there had long ceased to be room within the ancient precincts of St. Bartholomew's Priory. The picture shows the Priory's west gate, a fine relic of 13th century work, still serving as a barrier to the ancient close.

A. R.



ENTRANCE TO PRIORY, SMITHFIELD



BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE

BARTHOLOMEW CLOSE by Smithfield forms the ancient precinct of the great Priory of St. Bartholomew, the Church of which, though mutilated, still in its present state impresses the visitor with its massive grandeur and dignity. In the reign of Henry I, this Priory for Canons Regular was founded by Rahere, the king's jester. Being taken ill while on a pilgrimage to Rome, he made a vow to St. Bartholomew that, if he returned safely, he would build in his honour a hospital for sick people. The site he chose was on the south side of Smithfield, and his hospital of St. Bartholomew to-day, after eight hundred years of service, still carries out, with an efficiency he little dreamt of, its founder's pious purpose. Later, while building the hospital, he was warned in a dream that he must also build a Church and Priory for Canons Regular of the Augustinian Order, which he did.

Rahere, as has been said, was the founder of the Priory : he was also its first Prior. It appears that from the first, following the custom common in large monastic foundations, he established a Fair hard by the Church, and in 1133 obtained for it the sanction of a Royal Charter, which granted "firm peace to all persons coming to and returning from the fair" on the eve, the feast and the morrow of St. Bartholomew. There was secured at the same time to the Prior and Canons full authority over everyone attending it, which authority was later exercised by them or their deputy in a Court of Pie Poudre. Originally, as the name implies, the Fair was held

for the sale of cloths, and those who brought their wares into it were the Clothiers of all England and the Drapers of London. They had, as Stow informs us, "their booths and standings within the Churchyard of this Priory, closed in with walls and gates, locked every night, and watched for safety of men's goods and wares." When the Merchant Taylors' Company became powerful, it secured the right of search, and the power to require the yard measures of the traders to conform to the standard of its own silver measure, which it still treasures among its old possessions. Later, in the Elizabethan period, its importance as a Cloth Fair diminishing, the commodities offered for sale included stuffs, leather, pewter and live cattle. As time went on, the Fair overflowed beyond its original bounds out into the great open space of Smithfield, which appears to have been surrounded with traders' stalls and all the medley of shows and entertainments familiar to us still in a country fair, but immensely multiplied, and glorified by its vast scale. The reader can be referred for descriptions of what was to be seen and done at this singular gathering to Ben Jonson's play, *Bartholomew Fair*, and for a complete history to Morley's "Memoirs of Bartholomew Fair." It must suffice here to say that the Fair-time became extended to a fortnight from the original three days, and brought together such a concourse of idlers, impostors, strolling players and disorderly people that many attempts were made in the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries to abolish it, but the owners of a portion of the tolls, the Lords Kensington, would not hear of this. It was not until 1827 that the Lord Kensington of that time allowed the Corporation to buy him out. The Fair, reformed, lasted another 28 years, when it was suppressed in 1855, having lasted more than seven centuries.

At the Dissolution of Monasteries, Sir Richard Rich, Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, and afterwards Edward the Sixth's Lord Chancellor, among the other purchases of monastic and ecclesiastical property that he made, bought for the sum of £1,064 11s. 3d. St. Bartholomew's Priory with all the ground enclosed in its precinct, and all rights pertaining to the same. These included the late Prior's share of the tolls accruing from the annual Fair. The Prior's lodgings he converted to his own use for a town mansion.

It soon occurred to Lord Rich and his successors that, instead of movable booths, streets with permanent houses would be a more profitable speculation. They accordingly took down the north wall in Long Lane and built houses on its site, with a parallel row on the south side of the street called Cloth Fair. The view of this street (Plate XXVII) is looking from East to West, the opening at the end being the entrance from Smithfield. A few picturesque buildings survive, some of Elizabethan and early Jacobean date. The new north porch of the Priory Gate now forms into line with them, though only a few years ago its site and that of the North Transept were occupied by a blacksmith's shop. At the North-east Corner of Cloth Fair there is still to be seen a quaint tavern, the Old Dick Whittington, (Plate XXVIII), which is justly proud of its venerable appearance and its undoubted age. At the angles of the building a curious bracket supports the projecting upper storey. The houses on the south side of Cloth Fair were built so close to the eastern portion of the Church as almost to touch it, leaving space only for the narrow alley figured in Plate XXX. This is well worth a visit, for the interesting view of the backs of the houses, and for one or two rustic-looking doorways. Further west the houses on the south side backed on to the site of the demolished nave

of Great St. Bartholomew's, now a Churchyard. This is shown in Plate XXXI. East of this is the West Front of the Church, which now comes only one bay west of the crossing. Every Good Friday the newspapers remind us of the annual custom observed here. The Rector and Churchwardens place twenty-one sixpences upon a certain tombstone, and these are taken up by as many poor people. But when the custom began, and by whom the bequest was originally made, no one is able to say. Some ancient customs, at all events, die exceedingly hard. In Plate XXIX another pleasing example of the house architecture of Bartholomew Close is shown, but this unhappily has disappeared within very recent years. It was a tavern called the Blakeney's Head. The wooden fence opposite this house encloses a small front garden of another house. In one or two other gardens which remain secreted in a back alley, east of the Lady Chapel of the Priory Church, a few flowers maintain a hard struggle for existence under the depressing conditions of lack of air and light. They serve, however, to remind us of the time when life within Bartholomew Close kept up some semblance of *rus in urbe*, of which we have better instances in Nevill's Court, as described in Plate XXXV. It should be said that, while the Priory Church renews its youth and recovers some of its lost glory under the restorer's hand, the Cloth Fair and other purlieus are rapidly losing their antiquity. We cannot expect that the old houses still remaining will be allowed much longer to stand out against the temptation to substitute for them buildings better suited to modern needs, and no better advice can be given to the readers to whom these sketches may appeal than that they should go and see Cloth Fair while it is passing and before it has yet completely passed.

A. R.



CLOTH FAIR, LOOKING WEST





THE OLD DICK WHITTINGTON





THE BLAKENEY'S HEAD





BACK ALLEY IN CLOTH FAIR





CHURCHYARD, ST. BARTHOLOMEW THE GREAT



THE CHARTERHOUSE

CHARTERHOUSE, an offshoot of the Grande Chartreuse in Savoy, by turns a Monastery, a Palace, a Hospital and School, and now a Hospital only, is, to our shame be it said, best beloved by Americans. To them its first appeal is through Thackeray's delightful picture of his old school—Grey Friars, he calls it—and finding it even more charming than it had been painted, they remain true lovers of its peaceful courts and memory-haunted precinct.

The Black Death of 1348 so fiercely ravaged the City of London that there was not enough consecrated ground wherein to bury the dead. The Bishop of that date, Ralph Stratford, bought a plot of ground in West Smithfield, outside the city wall, which he fenced in and consecrated, together with a chapel, calling the place Pardon Churchyard. Soon after, Sir Walter Manny, one of Philippa of Hainault's retainers, who entered the service of Edward III, and was made one of the first Knights of the Garter, bought thirteen acres and one rod of land adjoining Pardon Churchyard, and devoted it to the like pious purposes. Twenty-three years later, having obtained another plot of adjacent ground to the northward, Manny, moved thereto by the will of De Northburgh, Stratford's successor in the See of London, in which he bequeathed two thousand pounds for his foundation of a Carthusian House of Monks, obtained a charter permitting him to establish a double Monastery adjoining his cemetery.

In 1371, the buildings being completed, John Luscote was installed as the first Prior of the House of the Salutation of the Mother of God, of the Carthusian Order, by London. It was a double Monastery, that is to say containing a double number of cells, twenty-four or upwards. It consisted of a great and a little cloister for the monks and the lay brethren respectively. The former was a square with sides measuring some 300 feet, which was surrounded by a penticed walk in front of the monks' dwelling-houses. For a Carthusian monk lives in his own detached, four-roomed house, with its little walled-in garden. On the south side were ranged the refectory, the Chapel and the Chapter-house. The other cloister was assigned to the lay brothers, who worshipped in the ante-chapel. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the Little Cloister was rebuilt on a larger scale, when the Lay Brothers were provided for in the picturesque court now known as Washhouse Court, and suitable lodgings for visitors were erected, together with a Guesten Hall adjoining the monks' freytor. At the same time the outer gatehouse, still used as the entrance, was built. The interior of the Guesten Hall is pleasingly depicted in the frontispiece. Its fittings are of the Elizabethan period, and probably the four upper windows and the present high pitch of the roof belong to that period also.

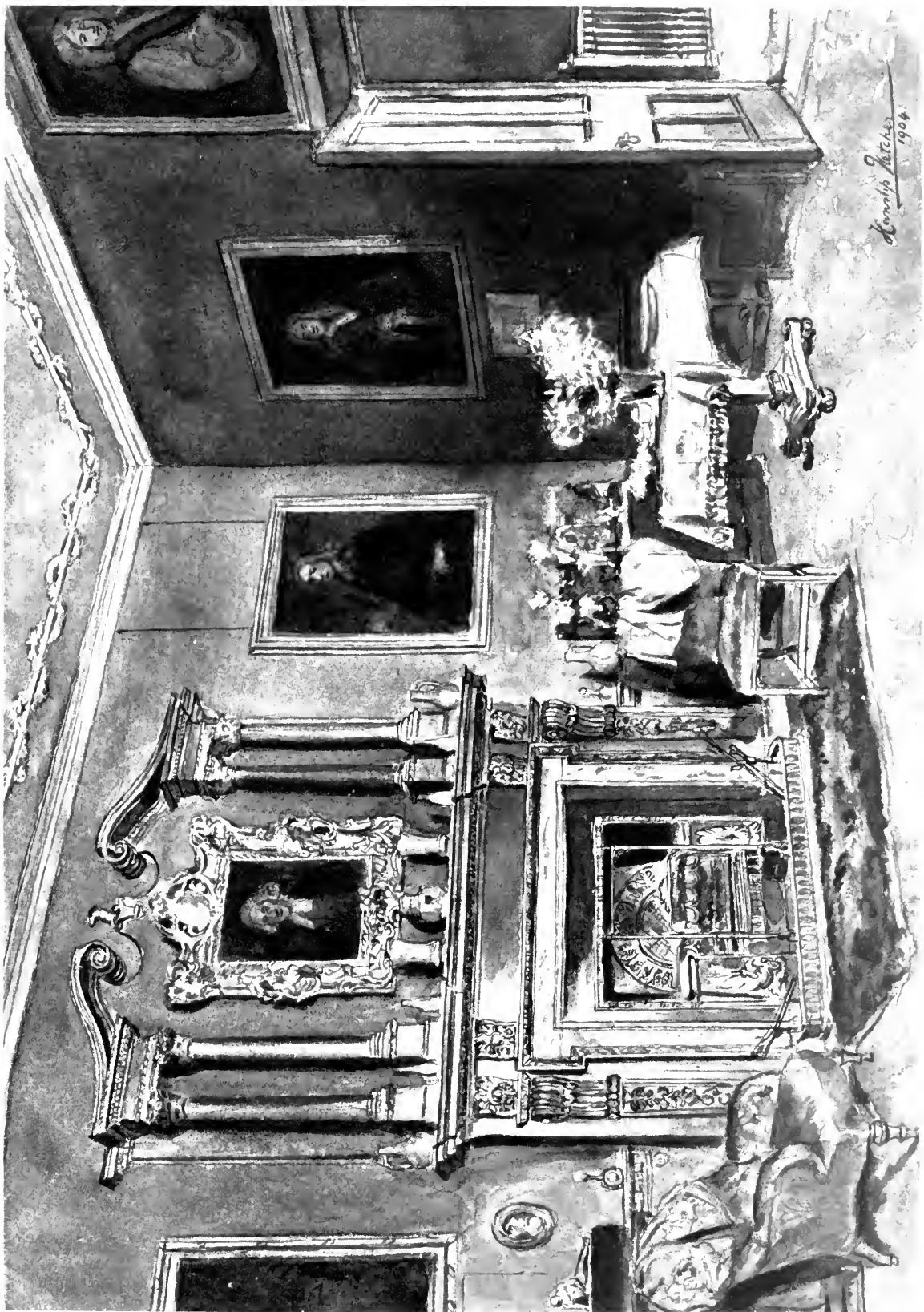
Of the atrocities committed at the Dissolution none has made a deeper impression than the brutal murder of the Prior, Blessed John Houghton, together with his brethren. History has to relate that after being drawn, hanged and quartered at Tyburn, the Prior was decapitated, his head was exposed on London Bridge, and one of his dissevered limbs was fixed up over the entrance gate of Charterhouse.

The buildings of the dissolved monastery were first acquired



STAIRCASE IN CHARTERHOUSE





A DRAWING-ROOM, CHARTERHOUSE



by Sir Thomas Audley, who sold them to Sir Edward, afterwards Lord North. On North's death in 1565 the buildings were bought by the Duke of Norfolk, on whose attainder they reverted to the Crown, but were soon afterwards given to his second son, the Earl of Suffolk. During the occupation of Charterhouse by the Howards, considerable alterations were made to convert the place into a residence suitable as the town mansion of a great noble. Howard House it then came to be called, and to this period belong the fine staircase seen in Plate XXXII, and the small drawing-room (Plate XXXIII) forming part of the suite of rooms on the first floor known as the Duchess's withdrawing room and the Duke's Privie Chamber. These rooms are now parts of the Master's Lodgings, and their walls are hung with many interesting portraits.

In 1611, the property being acquired by Thomas Sutton, a wealthy capitalist who had been Master-General of the Ordnance of the North, and had amassed a great fortune by coal-mining and, it must be said, privateering, was now converted by his bequest into a Hospital for poor pensioners and a school for boys. His will was disputed by Sir Francis Bacon. The trustees, however, purchased the King's good will by delivering to him for the repairing of Berwick Bridge the sum of £10,000, and by tactfully naming the new foundation the Hospital of King James in Charterhouse. In 1872 the last of the changes that can at present be recorded took place, when the foundation was divided, and the school portion was transplanted to Godalming, where it had room to develop on a larger scale.

When the School was removed to the country, Merchant Taylors took possession of the abandoned playground. Unhappily, this innovation led to the sale of a portion of the ancient site for the erection of ungainly warehouses, and not

many years afterwards a vigorous effort was made to break up the Hospital, to turn Sutton's beneficiaries into outdoor pensioners, and, if the site of the House of the Salutation of the Mother of God was not purchased by some public corporation or institution, to lay it out in streets for offices and model lodging-houses, or other mean uses. That attempt was fortunately frustrated, but Charterhouse has a threatened existence.

To recite the names of the worthies who have in their day and generation lived within these precincts is to call to mind men who were eminent in English History. As a religious house it is associated with Sir Walter Manny at its foundation, and with the Blessed Thomas More, the Blessed John Houghton and his fellow-sufferers at its close. As a School it counts in its roll the poets Crashaw and Lovelace ; divines such as Isaac Barrow, John Wesley, Bishop Monk, Archbishop Manners Sutton ; among historians, Grote and Thirlwall ; of lawyers, Blackstone and Lord Ellenborough ; of men of letters, Addison and Steele and Thackeray ; of artists, Eastlake and John Leech ; of soldiers, General Havelock ; of statesmen, Lord Liverpool—a goodly list, but far from exhaustive : only the more outstanding names have been selected. The demolition of a House so long dedicated to piety, learning and charity, and adorned by so many illustrious names would be an unpardonable crime.

A. R.

GABLED HOUSES IN FETTER LANE

VERY few examples now survive in London of the old timber-framed houses, with overhanging fronts and gables, of which the town chiefly consisted before the Great Fire. Indeed, their numbers, since Holywell Street and Wych Street were sacrificed in the Strand Improvement of 1901-5, can almost be counted on the fingers. There are no better types extant than the picturesque group of buildings near the top of Fetter Lane, which have long been threatened with demolition. Already the firm of tool-makers who have occupied them for so many years have taken other premises near by, anticipating the day when the inevitable street-widening comes, and the pick of the housebreaker descends upon them.

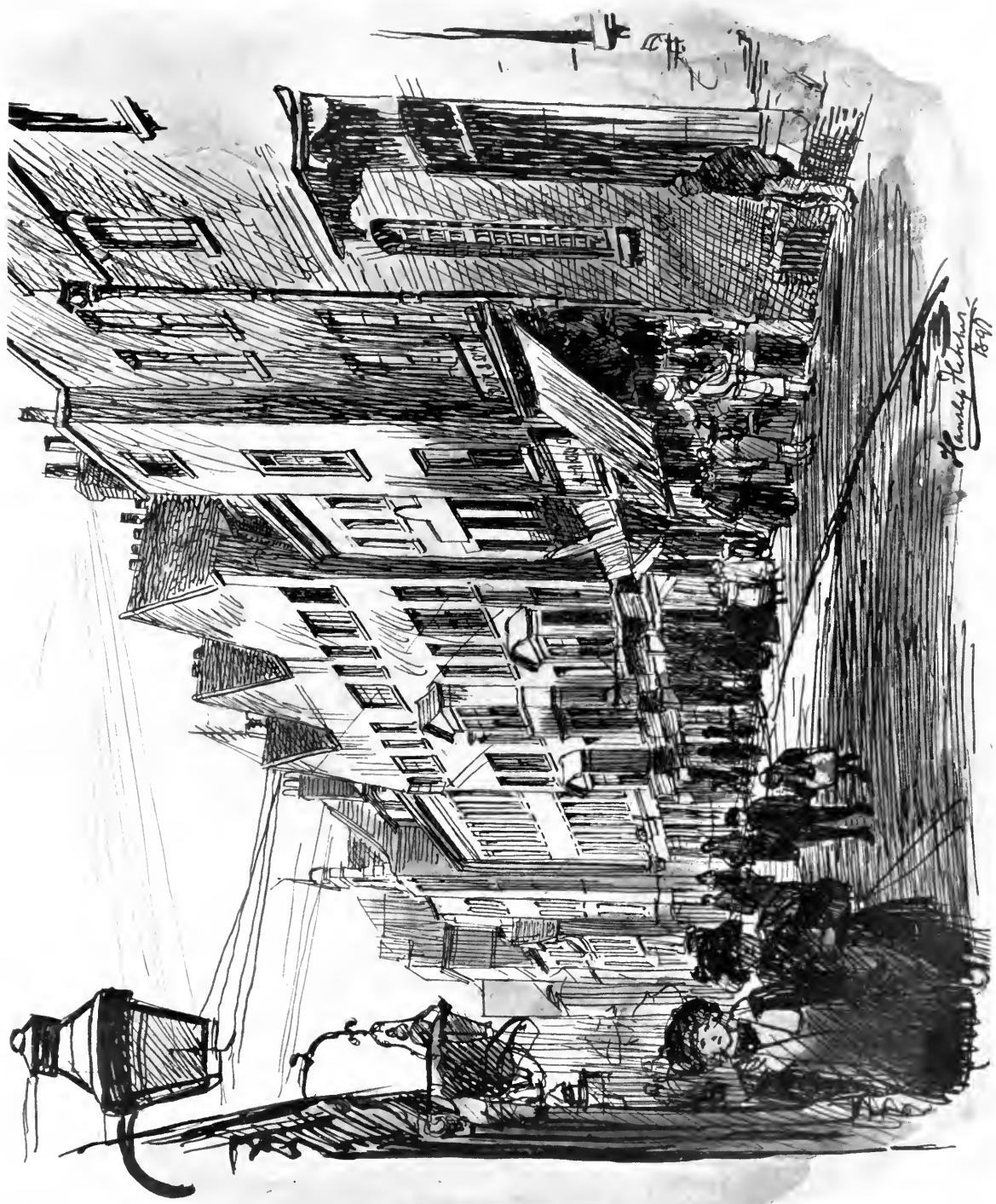
These houses bear all the characteristics of early Stuart origin, and evidently date from before the Great Fire, which did not spread so far north and west as this corner of Holborn. The oak beams supporting the different floors are of great size and strength, and structurally the buildings are capable of standing for centuries longer. They form the easternmost part of the precincts of Barnard's Inn, to the courtyard of which a passage runs through them. It will be a thousand pities if these relics of a former age cannot be preserved.

The northern end of Fetter Lane was for a couple of centuries a favourite spot for executions. Nathaniel Tomkins was hanged there on July 5, 1643, for participation in the poet

Waller's conspiracy to seize upon London for King Charles, and let in a band of three thousand cavaliers from Oxford. Although the name suggests association with Newgate chains and bonds, Fetter Lane has no such origin. It is said by Stow to have been so called from the feuters—Norman French feuton, meaning idle person, loafer—who sunned themselves there when it was a pleasant way leading to gardens, and the derivation has also some earlier authority. "But," adds the Elizabethan chronicler, "the same is now of latter years on both sides built through with many fair houses."

Hobbes, of the "Leviathan," and the fanatical Puritan brothers, "Praise God-Barebones" and "If-Christ-had-not-died-for-you-you-had-been-damned-Barebones"—called for short "Damned Barebones"—were residents of Fetter Lane.

W. B.



FETTER LANE



NEVILL'S COURT, FETTER LANE

MODERN "improvements" have encroached upon Nevill's Court on every side, and now and again notice boards appeared within the court itself threatening the early demolition of its buildings, but the place remains untouched. Long may it survive, for here are gardens, and what are equally rare, old dwelling-houses still used as such, and not yet converted to office purposes, existing within the city's "square mile." True, the gardens are small and for a large part concealed, the entrance is cramped and the passage narrow, while some of the houses are the worse for decay ; but Nevill's Court stands almost alone to tell us what the residential quarters of the city were like when people chose to live in them.

The Great Fire of London swept up Fleet Street, and, extending northwards, raged about this little court, but one angle at least was saved. There are three houses in the north-east corner which almost certainly date before the Fire, now numbered 13, 14, and 15. They may at once be picked out by their plastered walls and projecting upper stories. The strip of garden in the front has not to this day been built over, and it was probably this open space which saved them from the flames. Internally the houses are comfortable, but the rooms are low.

Of all its buildings, however, the particular glory of Nevill's Court is No. 10, the big house which figures in the centre of Mr. Fletcher's drawing. It is of later date than those already

mentioned, having been erected near the close of the seventeenth century. It would be a striking piece of architecture anywhere, with its long windows lighting the well-proportioned rooms, the pretty casement lights of the roof attics, and the covered portico. This house was acquired by the Moravian Society in 1744, and for many years was used as their mission home and minister's residence.

The history of the Moravians, or United Brethren, is indissolubly associated with Nevill's Court, which has been their headquarters since their first settlement in England. They trace their origin to John Huss, who suffered during the religious persecutions in Bohemia and Moravia about the middle of the fifteenth century. Count Zinzendorf became their leader, and visited London in 1731. From No. 10 Nevill's Court—"the great house in Neville's Alley" it was then called—the earliest account of the Moravian missions was issued in 1790. Among its residents have been Henry, 55th Count Reuss, and the Rev. C. J. la Trobe, an eminent divine, while the house gains further fame from having been the birthplace of the latter's son, Charles Joseph la Trobe, first Governor of the Colony of Victoria, who was born there in 1801. The Moravian congregation still have their chapel in Nevill's Court, with an entrance and offices in Fetter Lane.

W. B.

NEVILLE'S COURT





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THE HALL OF BARNARD'S INN

EXCEPT the ancient hall, here pictured, and a little open space, planted with trees that still bear their burden of leaf in the summer, practically nothing remains of Barnard's Inn. It was within recent memory a delightful bit of old London, surviving on the very edge of the city. To enter the Inn out of the roar and bustle of Holborn was to go back at a step into the metropolis of two and three centuries ago.

Old gabled houses in Fetter Lane, with their overhanging fronts, still happily standing, formed the eastward boundary. South it was partly shut in by houses of a similar character which overlooked the buildings and courtyard of the White Horse Inn, now destroyed. A narrow passage was the only entrance, passing by the side of a tiny lawn, close cropped, which stood before the hall.

Luckily, when a change of ownership took place in 1891, Barnard's Inn was acquired by a great City Company, the Mercers, and in their hands the preservation of the ancient hall is assured. Its age is somewhat difficult to fix. It appears to be Elizabethan, dating between Gray's Inn Hall, begun in Queen Mary's reign, and the magnificent hall of the Middle Temple, (1572), but Mr. Philip Norman believes its earliest parts to be fifteenth century. Externally the hall makes small pretence : red brick walls, with red tiles on the roof, capped by a lantern which shows an excellent example of early leadwork.

Its charm is apparent directly the visitor enters the door.

Sunlight streams in through long windows, emblazoned with many coats of arms, and, taking a rosy tint, illuminates the recesses of the oak roof and the fluted wainscot panelling of the walls, displaying to advantage some delicate carving. A large open fireplace is built at each end, with the wainscoting carried up high out of reach. The roof has evidently been reconstructed at a later date, and there is now no opening in it to the lantern.

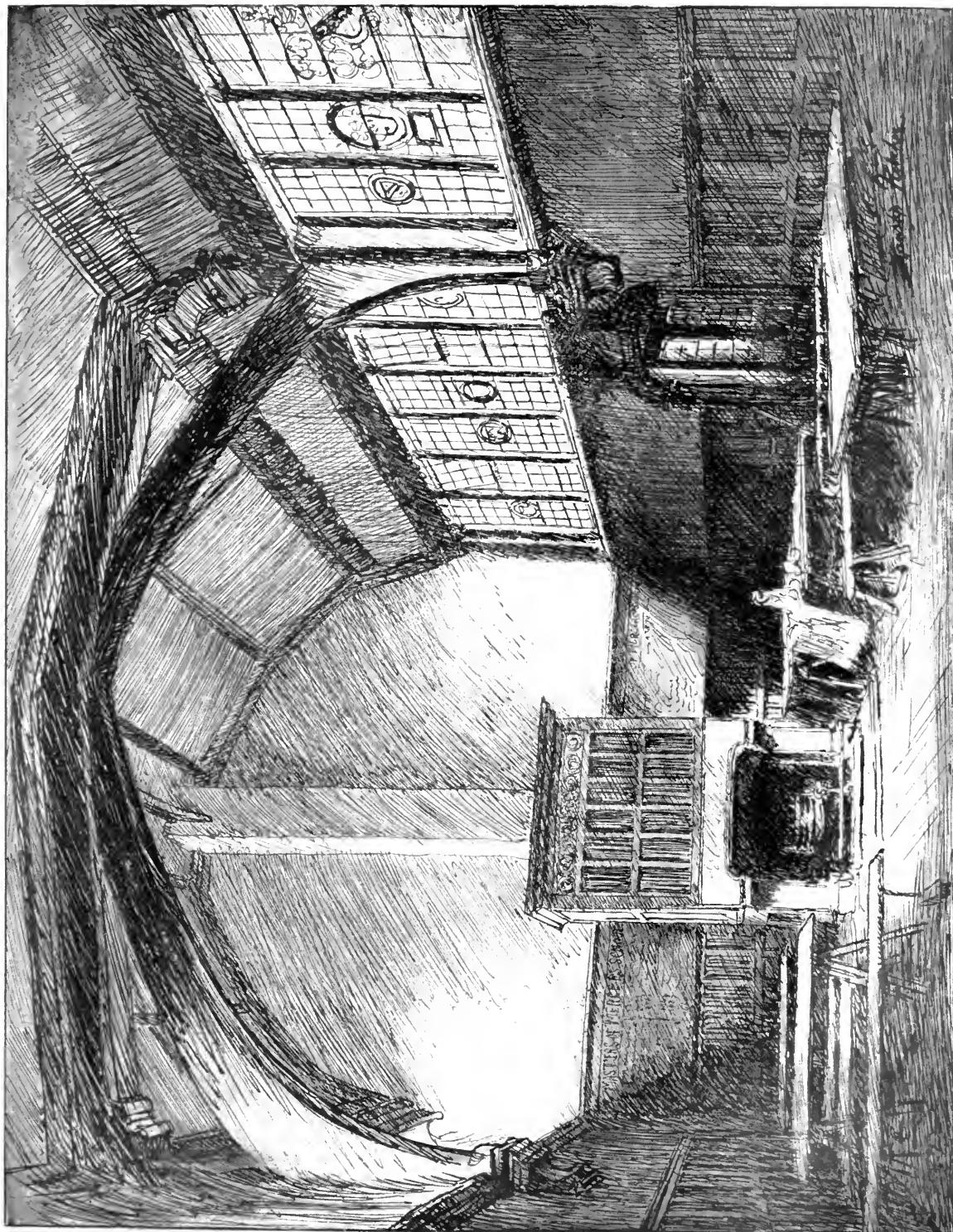
Originally Barnard's Inn was the town residence of Dr. John Mackworth, Dean of Lincoln in the reign of Henry VI. By him it was bequeathed to the Chapter of Lincoln Cathedral, that Masses might be said for the repose of his soul. Soon afterwards it passed by lease to the lawyers, who were there as early as 1454, and was converted into an Inn of Chancery, attached to Gray's Inn.

A Reader at one time went from Gray's Inn for the instruction of the students, and apparently was received in the hall with great ceremony, but as to what he read, and who paid him, it was stated before the Royal Commission on the Inns of Court and Chancery in 1855, there was no minute whatever. Lyonel Barnard, whose name the Inn bears, happened to be the occupant when the lawyers took possession.

Chief Justice Holt was for some time Principal of Barnard's Inn, and his portrait, with those of Lord Burghley, Bacon, and a few others used to hang from the walls, but not long ago they were transferred to the National Portrait Gallery.

Few records of the Inn survive. There is a curious entry in Queen Elizabeth's reign that one Warren was fined £1 6s. 8d. —then a substantial sum—“for wearing his hat in hall, and for his long hair, and otherwise misdemeaning himself.”

W. B.



THE HALL, BARNARD'S INN

FIELD COURT, GRAY'S INN

OF the four Inns of Court which time, assisted no doubt by the lawyer's keen sense of the rights of property, has preserved against spoliation, the writer is inclined to give the prize for charm to Gray's. This speaking of it purely as a place for residence, or to drop into on a hot summer afternoon, when the thick foliage of the trees casts a deep shadow over the broad walk which Queen Elizabeth trod, and the sunlight through the leaves gives patches of sparkling yellow on the well-trimmed lawns. To the tired wayfarer coming out of the roar and bustle of Holborn these formal gardens and great open squares offer a haven of perfect peace. Dickens abused Gray's Inn. A more recent novelist has written about its depressing influence. Much may depend on the mood of the moment, but no one who has lived in Gray's and knows it thoroughly ever recalls the Inn without most pleasant memories.

Gray's Inn may almost be said to have been possessed by the lawyers since the time "when the memory of man knoweth not to the contrary." At any rate, no one knows when they came there, although before then it was the inn or residence of the Greys of Wilton, from whom the name is derived. The manor was then known as Portpoole, or Purpool. Mr. W. R. Douthwaite, late librarian of Gray's Inn and its historian, claims a very early date for the irruption of practitioners of the law, and quotes with approval from the Yelverton MS. In those documents, preserved by Lord Calthorpe, is the farewell

address of Christopher Yelverton to his fellow-members of Gray's Inn, at Michaelmas term, 1589, when he attained the dignity of the Coif—promotion which necessarily involved his transference to Serjeants' Inn.

Speaking of his ancestors, the new Serjeant-at-Law said that "for two hundred years agoe at the least have some of them lived here," and they had attained great preferments by the house. That goes back to King Richard II, and there or thereabouts the antiquaries may be left to dispute over the scanty material available from the Harleian MS., Dugdale, and other sources. Gray's Inn remained with the Grey family until Henry VII, when there was a conveyance to certain feoffees, some of whom were members of Gray's Inn and eminent lawyers. Afterwards it was alienated to the monastery of Sheen, and was seized by Henry VIII at the Reformation, from which time a fee farm rent of £6 13s. 4d. was paid to the Crown. The Honourable Society of Gray's Inn have enjoyed the freehold since 1733.

Gray's Inn Hall is one of the only two buildings now remaining in London in which, so far as we know, any of the plays of Shakespeare were performed in his own time (the other being, of course, Middle Temple Hall). *The Comedy of Errors* was played on the evening of Innocents' Day (December 28), 1594, in Gray's Inn, before a crowded audience. Some of the guests from the Inner Temple created a disturbance because they were not properly accommodated, and an official inquiry followed. This historic hall was begun in the reign of Queen Mary, and finished in that of Elizabeth. It is a magnificent specimen of sixteenth century work, the interior, lighted by mullioned and transomed windows, with a large bay window in the northern wall, being especially fine. The open roof is of the



SOUTH SQUARE, GRAY'S INN



hammer-beam type of construction. A richly-carved oak screen conceals the entrance vestibule, and above is the Minstrels' loft.

Field Court, a characteristic bit of Gray's Inn which Mr. Fletcher has pictured, was less than twenty years ago completely enclosed. It was entered at the west by a tunnel—there is no other word for it—through a house which stood right across the Court, and at the east by a piazza beneath the fine old house shown in the drawings. This last building, which gained distinction by its columns, and an entire absence of uniformity in its plan that bespoke its age, survived until 1905. Its demolition is a distinct loss, though the Court is now thrown open, and with the gardens seen through the railings and the handsome gates is one of the most pleasant spots in the Inn. Members and students had their common room in this building.

The Rev. Reginald Fletcher, Preacher of Gray's Inn, who has edited the "Pension Book" and is deeply versed in its history, tells me that this old house occupied the site covered, up to 1682, by three "staircases," known respectively (north to south) as Grimston's, Butler's, and Davenport's Buildings. The first of these was re-built in 1683. Butler's and Davenport's Buildings remained standing until 1711, when they were pulled down and rebuilt into the house destroyed in 1905. What amount of the building set up in 1683 was left in the block which replaced them, and is in such recent memory, cannot be told. At any rate, the way from Holborn Court (South Square) to Field Court was all the time under a projecting first floor.

It is probable that the house with the piazza was the oldest block of chambers surviving in Gray's Inn, the buildings in the two squares being for the most part of various periods in the eighteenth century. One of the two large houses in Field Court, now occupied by firms of solicitors, appears to have been a

manor house, and to this day may be seen in the basement the large stone slabs of the dairy. The chapel is comparatively modern. Verulam Buildings, too, came late, and readers of Charles Lamb will recall his vigorous condemnation of them for spoiling the symmetry of the gardens—

“ I am ill at dates, but I think it is now five and twenty years ago, that walking in the gardens of Gray’s Inn—they were then finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crannies, and shouldering away one of two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless, as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law breathing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot upon their gravel walks. . . .”

The greatest memories of Gray’s Inn are Elizabethan. Every Grand Night in hall the toast is still honoured, “ To the glorious, pious, and immortal memory of good Queen Bess ; ” and there is doubtless substantial basis for the tradition that the Queen gave her special favour to the Inn. The oak tables and forms in the hall are said to be her gifts. Nicholas Bacon, the Lord Keeper, and his greater son Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam, and Burghley, the statesmen, were members of Gray’s. Sir Walter Raleigh planted the catalpa tree in the gardens, which is still able in summer to push forward a few leaves. Nor is an association with England’s history older than any of these forgotten. Each night the curfew is rung at nine o’clock on the chapel bell. Gray’s Inn, I may add, treasures the possession of the last surviving colony of rooks in the heart of London.

W. B.



FIELD COURT, GRAY'S INN



CLIFFORD'S INN

IN the whole length of Fleet Street, there is one oasis in that desert of bricks and mortar that should never fail to delight the wayfarer who happens on it for the first time, nor to charm the habitué who deflects his course when near it through the quiet of Old Clifford's Inn to enjoy, perhaps on some spring morning, the delicate green of the trees in contrast to the weather-beaten brick of the old buildings. The Temple is so eminently respectable and wealthy, so proud in its security, so well cared-for, that one can spare one's affection for this last remaining backwater of Fleet Street's busy stream. The pity of it is, this delightful old Inn is doomed, unless . . . A national effort, nevertheless, should be made to preserve this old Inn, which, with the exception of Dr. Johnson's house in Gough Square, is the most interesting relic of ancient Fleet Street. The old Inns of Court till comparatively recently abounded in this neighbourhood. New Inn, Danes' Inn, and Serjeants' Inn, are now things of the past, and Holborn, too, has lost Furnival's Inn and Barnard's Inn.

The oldest Inn of Chancery, founded in the reign of Edward III, Clifford's Inn has been disposed of by the Trustees, and given over to the speculative builder. Situated behind St. Dunstan's Church in Fleet Street, by the side of which there is a passage which leads to it, the Inn extends to the ground of the Public Record Office on the north, and opens into Chancery Lane on the West and Fetter Lane on the east. It was named,

says Cunningham, "after Robert de Clifford to whom the messuage was granted by Edward II in 1310, and by whom his widow in 1344 the messuage was let to students of law, for £10 annually." Clifford's Inn can boast of some distinguished lawyers. The learned Coke resided here for a month upon leaving the University, and he afterwards entered at the Inner Temple. John Selden pursued a similar course. After the Great Fire of London, Sir Matthew Hale and the principal judges sat in the Hall of Clifford's Inn to settle any disputes that had arisen in regard to property and boundaries.

The Inn also had at one time rather an unpleasant notoriety, from the fact that all the six attorneys of the Marshalsea Court had their chambers here. From this fact it has been said by Mr. Thornbury that more misery emanated from this small spot than from any one of the most populous counties in England.

The Chambers of Clifford's Inn have supplied generations of journalists and literary men with comfortable and quiet apartments in the heart of London. Among those whose names will always be associated with Clifford's Inn is George Dyer, Lamb's old friend, who lived for many years at No. 13 "like a dove in an asp's nest"—over a firm of Marshalsea attorneys. Dyer was the "Amicus Redivivus" of Elia, who, it will be remembered, when on his way to visit the Lambs at Colebrook Row, Islington, walked into the New River, but was rescued by his kind hosts, who restored him with brandy and water. Lamb and Leigh Hunt both tell some delicious stories of Dyer's absentmindedness, his simplicity of heart, and his extraordinary habit of detaching himself from the rest of the world.

Like his old friends, Lamb, Coleridge, and Leigh Hunt, Dyer was educated at Christ's Hospital, which he left as a Grecian for Cambridge. He afterwards visited every University

of importance in Europe, but his subsequent career was chequered. At one time a Baptist Minister and a reporter, he was an enthusiastic antiquary, a great classical scholar (having edited nearly 140 volumes of Valpy's *Delphin Classics*) and a fervid, though somewhat inefficient poet. He was also the author of a biography of Robinson of Cambridge, and of a History of Cambridge University. To his Chambers in Clifford's Inn came some of the best known literary men of the day:—Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Southey, Leigh Hunt, and Talfourd. Dyer became deeply attached to Clifford's Inn, and later in life he married the laundress connected with his rooms, a good but illiterate woman who took care of him till his death. Old George Dyer became totally blind towards the end of his life, and died at his Chambers in 1841.

The author of "Peter Wilkins," the flying man, a once very popular romance, lived at Clifford's Inn. He was one Robert Pullock, but the story was published anonymously, and his name was not identified with the book until years after his death. It was then discovered only by chance, when a receipt for the sale of the MS. was found in 1835 among the papers of the publisher, Robert Dodsley.

Samuel Butler, the ingenious author of "Erewhon" and other original books, was once a resident of Clifford's Inn. Mr. Fenn has stated the fact in his note, but I cannot omit his name entirely from this chronicle of notabilities connected with this Inn. Clifford's Inn also provided the last habitation of Lionel Johnson, the young Irish poet. His unhappy death occurred while he was living here, but not, it will be remembered, at this place. He was discovered in a dying condition in the street and conveyed to a hospital, where he died shortly afterwards.

Our illustrations show some of the most interesting features of this delightful old Inn. One of the best pictures is taken at the end of the passage that runs at the east end of the enclosed garden. Here one notices the picturesque old pavement which is a characteristic of the Inn. It is said to be one of the last surviving specimens of the old irregular pavement once a feature of the London streets, but which now has all but disappeared.

R. I.



CLIFFORD'S INN



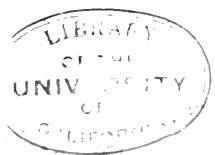


CLIFFORD'S INN AND RECORD OFFICE





THE GARDEN, CLIFFORD'S INN



20



THE HALL, CLIFFORD'S INN

THE OLD CARVING AT CLIFFORD'S INN

SOME eighteen years ago when I first settled in London I lived in Thanet Place, a quaint little courtyard on the Temple side of Fleet Street, which has long since been swept away. It was while living there that I wandered up the dingy obscure passage by St. Dunstan's Church, and, discovering Clifford's Inn, conceived a desire to live there. Accordingly, one morning when London was shrouded in a dense fog, I went to see the only man I knew in the Inn, my old friend Mr. Emery Walker, and he not only told me of these vacant rooms at No. 3, but was good enough to show me round them. I still remember that morning very vividly. Mr. Walker lit matches innumerable to show me what it was impossible to see without, namely, that all the doorways, cornices, and the fireplace were richly decorated with wonderful carving attributed to Grinling Gibbons. The rooms had been empty for some years, and I was told by Mr. George Booth, who then represented the Society of Clifford's Inn, that they had not been let for fear a tenant might injure the woodwork. This fear was not without reason, because when I took possession unsightly hat-pegs disfigured all the panels and much damage had been done. In earlier days the room illustrated had been used for the dinners of the Society, and there was at that time a magnificent mahogany dining table to be seen, and also some fine Chippendale chairs. After I had been accepted as a tenant the dinners were held in the hall, and when these dinners were ultimately abandoned I remember buying

this table, and it came back to its old quarters. To go back, though, I may say that I was so fascinated by the rooms that I took no count of the fact that I had no furniture to put in them or money to buy it with! For a long while the Grinling Gibbons carving looked down on a deal kitchen table, and a kitchen chair lent me by the good-natured head porter, and, with little else but these, I used to sit and write. The beautiful carving was furniture enough. It was some time before I set to work acquiring articles more or less in keeping with the old-world place. Then for twelve or thirteen years I made myself very snug in this little eddy out of Fleet Street, and I might be there still, but for the fact that when Mr. Willett bought the Inn I was given notice to leave in order that the carvings, which were not included in that sale, might be sold apart. I went to this sale with a faint hope of acquiring my old surroundings, but the South Kensington authorities had a longer purse, and "my" room is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

Clifford's Inn in those old days was a delightful little corner in the heart of the city, and it included many interesting residents. Of these the most distinguished was Samuel Butler, the author of "*Erewhon*," and of that little-known story, "*The Way of All Flesh*"—one of the most brilliant books of recent times. He came often to No. 3, and it was in these rooms that I had the pleasure of introducing to him a man who had long wanted to meet him—namely, Richard Whiteing. The little overgrown garden still exists in the larger square, and the pink hawthorn still struggles into bloom over the shaky gate, but the Inn lost much of its glory when it parted with this beautiful example of a great artist's work.

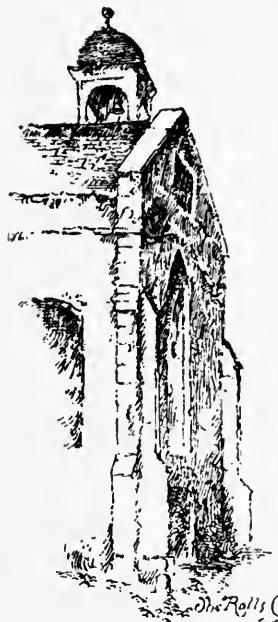
F. F.



A ROOM IN CLIFFORD'S INN



THE ROLLS HOUSE AND CHAPEL



THOSE who, like Dr. Johnson, love to walk in Fleet Street, not because it is the direct road to the Bank, but as a field for the "contemplative man's recreation," cannot but have observed a row of dull-looking brick houses on the east side of Chancery Lane, extending northwards from Old Serjeants' Inn, that are now doomed to destruction. They are ugly enough to look at, and though they doubtless contain good honest work and, maybe, some fine carving of panel and staircase, there is but little to regret in their destruction; and yet we feel that it will snap asunder yet another link with a past, little removed indeed from us in point of date, but so widely different from our own times in fashion, manners and feeling, and moreover so pregnant with the seeds of that *future* which has become our *present*, that the study of its features must ever be a source of interest to us.

We must not look for "massive deeds, and great," and far less for "ornaments of rhyme" in the builders or inhabitants of those eighteenth-century houses. They were a matter-of-fact, thrifty, honest, hardworking race, who, to quote an old

epitaph, “next to treason hated debt ;” whose hatred of the Pope and the Pretender was strangely mixed up with love for the security of their own wares ; whose favourite religious precept was to be “diligent in business ;” whose church-going was part of their general respectability ; and whose higher acts of devotion were often undertaken chiefly for the sake of obtaining the certificate required by the Test Act that they had “received the sacrament of the Lord’s Supper in their Parish Church,” thus proving themselves sound Protestants, and loyal subjects to King George, fit to be elected Common-Councilmen, and to hold other offices in the State.

But, commonplace as these men appear, they did good work in their day. They lived too near the times of Civil anarchy not to place a perhaps extravagant value upon peace and security, and were apt to sacrifice too much for their attainment ; but, like the bricks in their homely walls, they were made of good materials, and sturdily did their duty in the places to which they were appointed, and played a very definite part in the making of England.

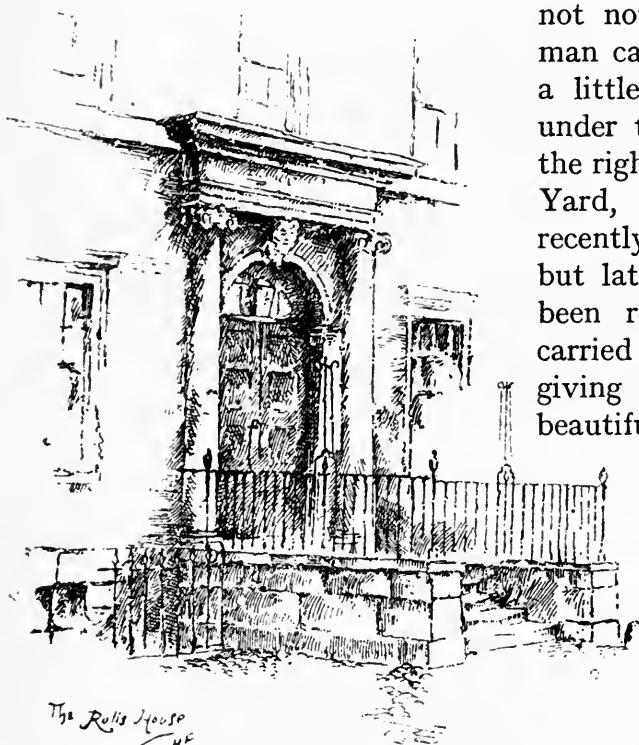
And let us not imagine that only obscure individuals lived in these houses. On the contrary, Chancery Lane a hundred and fifty years ago still contained, as in the days of Stow, “sundry fair lodgings for gentlemen all of brick and timber besides divers fair houses and large gardens, and was a place of great resort occasioned by its vicinity to the Rolls, the Six Clerks’ Office, Serjeants’ Inn, Symond’s Inn and the other Inns of Court and Chancery.” It is met with under the name of New Street as early as the reign of Henry III ; but we read in Stow that it soon became so foul and miry that no man could pass, and John Briton, custos of London, had it barred up by setting up two staples with one bar cross the lane to hinder any harm



ENTRANCE GATE, ROLLS YARD

that might happen in passing that way. This bar was kept up for divers years by the Bishop of Chichester, whose house was there (and still gives the name to Chichester rents), but on its being presented as a nuisance on an inquisition made of the annoyances of London, the Bishop granted that what was an annoyance should be taken away, and so the sheriff was commanded to do it.

The name New Street was soon dropped in favour of Chancellor's (which ultimately became Chancery) Lane.



As fortunately the lane is not now "so miry that no man can pass," we will walk a little way up it and pass under the stone archway on the right. This leads to Rolls Yard, to which it was till recently the only entrance, but lately some houses have been removed, and a road carried through to Fetter Lane giving a good view of the beautiful tower of the Public Record Office. We must not however be tempted to enter that building now, lest the sight of illuminated manuscripts, of Domesday Book, of the treaty signed on the Field of the Cloth

of Gold with its pendent golden seal, and of other historic treasures, should so dazzle our eyes with the lustre of the ages of chivalry as to leave us blind to the sombre lights and shades of the homely eighteenth century.

Turning to the left, we see on our right a large brick building known as the Rolls House, where the Master of the Rolls resided within living memory, and till recent years held his court ; and which, until the erection of the present Record Office on part of them, boasted of very large and beautiful gardens. It was erected about 1717 from the design of Colin Campbell on the site of a former house described by Strype as a large but very old and decayed house much wanting new building. Sir William Grant, Master of the Rolls, is said to have lived here for sixteen years without ever going upstairs. When in 1817 he gave up the house to his successor, he said : "This is my sitting-room ; my library and bedroom are beyond, and I am told there are some good rooms upstairs, but I never saw them."

This house was officially considered to be the home of the rolls and records of the Court of Chancery; but most of them were kept in the adjoining chapel, where prior to their removal to the present Record Office they were stacked in presses ranged along the walls, and even, as the number increased, under the seats of the pews and beneath the altar.

The original chapel was erected in 1233 by Henry III as part of a house for the maintenance of converted Jews, but on the number of them decreasing upon the expulsion of the Jews from England, Edward III in 1377 annexed the house and chapel to the recently-erected office of Keeper of the Rolls.

The chapel contains several monuments of great interest. Perhaps the most striking is that of Dr. John Young, Master of the Rolls, who died in 1516. It is attributed to Torrigiano,



YOUNG'S MONUMENT, ROLLS CHAPEL



the sculptor of the tomb of Henry VII and his Queen, Elizabeth of York, in Westminster Abbey. The fate of this sculptor is very sad. Having made a statue of the Virgin and Child, he was so much enraged at the smallness of the sum offered for it that he broke the figures into fragments. For this the Inquisition condemned him to die, and in order to avoid the execution of the sentence he starved himself to death.

The expression of the features of the recumbent effigy of Dr. Young is most placid, and seems to say, "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well ;" and there are several points about the monument of great interest to the antiquary : but the general tone of the chapel, with its high square pews for the greater dignitaries, is altogether of a later date, and brings to our mind more readily those eighteenth-century worthies of Chancery Lane than pre-reformation clerics ; and as we open the large Prayer Book still remaining in the Master of the Rolls' pew, the Collect for "our most gracious Sovereign Lord King George, their Royal Highnesses Frederick Prince of Wales, the Princess of Wales, the Dukes and the rest of the Royal Family" seems hardly out of date.

Sitting in those square pews, we almost fancy we hear the eloquence of Atterbury, or are listening to the celebrated sermon on "Human Nature" preached here by Butler the author of the "Analogy of Religion" ; and on looking up at the window richly dight with the Arms of James the First, through which the low afternoon sun is streaming and lighting up the unicorn (which on the union of the English and Scottish Crowns had taken the place of the red dragon of Wales as one of the supporters of the Royal Arms) we cannot help wondering whether a similar gleam of sunshine lighting up the heraldry had suggested to Burnet the idea of taking for the text of his 5th of

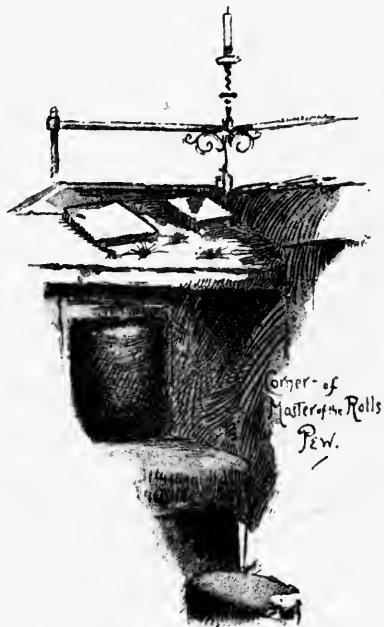
November sermon the words, "Save me from the lion's mouth ; Thou hast heard me from the horns of the unicorns"; and whether Charles the Second was correct in considering the words as an affront levelled at him through his coat of arms.

Be that as it may,—the sermon cost Burnet his office of preacher at the Rolls ; and afterwards, when under William the Third he was Bishop of Salisbury, and wrote the "History of his own Times," his narrative may not have been the less pungent for this circumstance. . . .

But we must not stay longer in the comfortably-cushioned pew. We only came to have a last look at some old-fashioned houses that are being carted away ; not to linger over all the associations connected with the Rolls Chapel and its preachers.

[This paper was written and illustrated, some sixteen years since, upon viewing the commencement of those demolitions which have made the Rolls buildings things of the past. As it portrays the actual thoughts and feelings, as written down at the time, to which the scene gave rise, it is thought it may contain an element of interest which would be lacking in a merely retrospective survey. It has not hitherto been printed.]

G. R. F.





THE ROLLS CHAPEL

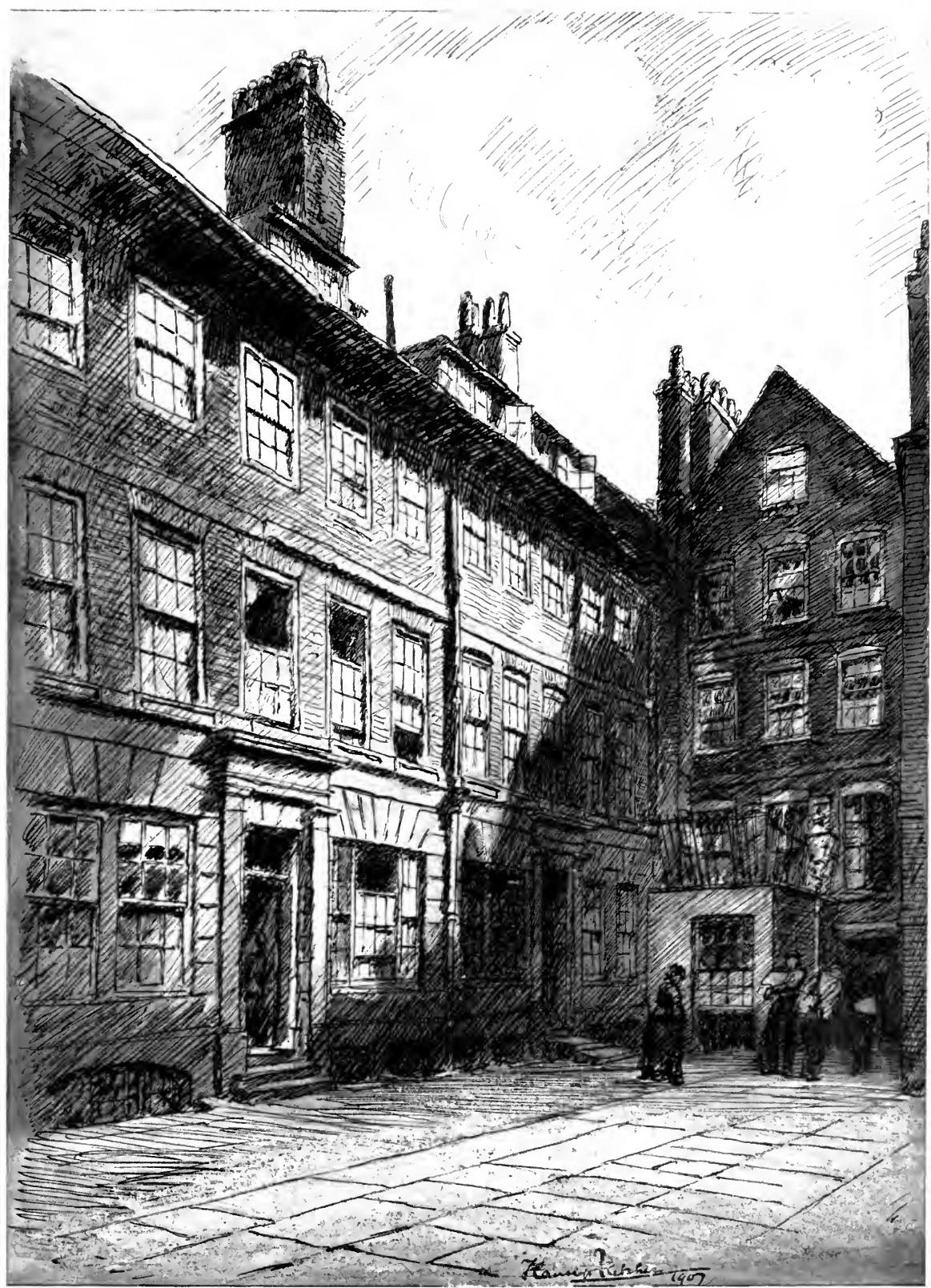


RACQUET COURT

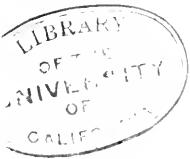
ONE of the last courts on the north-east end of Fleet Street, Racquet Court forms a *cul de sac*, and for that reason, perhaps, it is not so well known as some of its neighbouring passages or alleys. Although there appear to be no historical associations of much interest connected with Racquet Court, and most of its buildings are of the painfully prosaic type of modern commercial architecture, it certainly possesses an interest of its own which should attract those who care for the relics of old Fleet Street. In this court are still to be found some beautiful old houses erected in the early eighteenth, or possibly late seventeenth century, when the district was still a residential one. There are but few houses left in this neighbourhood to remind us of the appearance of Fleet Street and its adjacent courts in the eighteenth century, and these few are so rapidly disappearing, it is a pity that these fine old houses are not more generally known. Owing to the preposterously high value of land in the City of London, and especially in the Fleet Street quarter, it is unlikely that these houses will be spared many more years. The expiration of leases is often responsible for the demolition, not only of single houses, but of whole streets and districts in London. Frequently a residential quarter has become a purely commercial one, and buildings originally erected for dwelling houses are found to be inconvenient, and sometimes dangerous for trade purposes. The landowners of such

property have generally determined long in advance what they propose to do when their leases fall in. So that when the archæologist is distressed to find some favourite bit of antiquity in the hands of the house-breakers, it is often too late to utter any cry of protest.

R. I.



RACQUET COURT



TOOK'S COURT

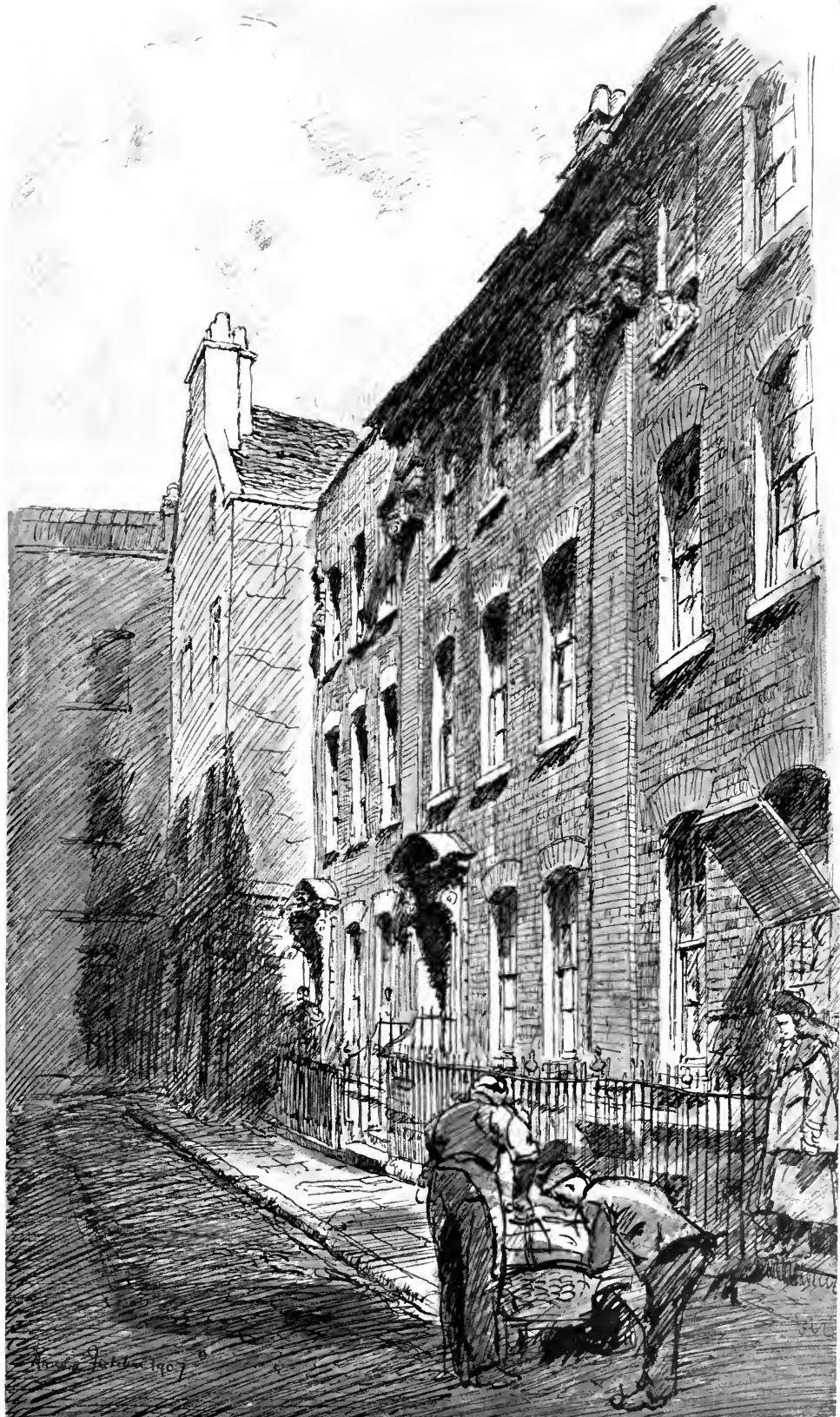
TOOK'S COURT is a narrow lane that runs in the shape of a right angle from Cursitor Street, Chancery Lane, to Furnival Street, Holborn, and is thus situated in the very centre of the legal quarter. The court is now mainly given over to printers, law stationers and law copyists. It formerly, however, boasted of some literary associations. For many years the *Athenæum* newspaper was printed in Took's Court, until the removal of its printing offices to Bream's Buildings. About the year 1814 Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the dramatist, occupied for some days a spunging house in Took's Court, and here he wrote, says Cunningham, his piteous letter to Whitbread, which is printed in Thomas Moore's Life of Sheridan.

One of the most important printing establishments in London is situated in Took's Court, namely the Chiswick Press of Messrs. Whittingham & Co. Some of the most beautiful specimens of typography have been produced at this justly celebrated Press, but its early history is so closely identified with the publishing firm of William Pickering, that it is difficult to speak of one without mentioning the other. Pickering's establishment was, in its early years, situated in Chancery Lane, so that he was a close neighbour of Charles Whittingham. He was not only very careful in the selection of the books that he published, but he was equally particular as to their production. Most of his publications were printed by the Chiswick Press, and it was

his custom to discuss every detail regarding the size, type and paper of each book that he issued with his printer, generally in the garden summer-house of his country residence. In this way he produced the Aldine Poets, the remarkable series of liturgical books, and the many reprints of English classics so widely associated with his name. Pickering, and his life-long friend, Whittingham, were buried side by side in Kensal Green Cemetery.

Many of the houses in Took's Court are of modern date, but there still remain some old ones, of which the best specimens are given in our picture. These interesting buildings are decorated with graceful classical pilasters, and handsomely carved door canopies, apparently of the early eighteenth century period.

R. I.



TOOK'S COURT

DR. JOHNSON'S HOUSE IN GOUGH SQUARE

FEW people can imagine Gough Square, Fleet Street, as Maitland described it in 1756: "A place lately built with very handsome houses, and well inhabited by persons of fashion."

It can still boast one house which has been a place of pilgrimage for upwards of a century, a well-preserved literary shrine. No. 17, in the north-west corner, where a covered passage leads out of the square, has undergone little change externally, though within it has become a network of printing and bookbinding rooms. Dr. Samuel Johnson resided there from June, 1748, to 1758, an eventful period in his laborious life, for in this house he began the publication of the *Rambler*, and, what is of more importance, in its garrets the greater part of his immortal Dictionary was compiled.

A passage or two from the contemporaries who have recorded Johnson's life with such minute detail will recall the surroundings amid which the English Dictionary was produced. When Sir Joshua Reynolds took Roubillac to Gough Square to visit the sage, Johnson "received them with great civility, and took them up into a garret, which he considered as his library ; where besides his books, all covered with dust, there was an old crazy deal table, and still worse elbow chair, having only three legs."

The Dictionary, commissioned by the chief booksellers in London in 1747 for a fee of 1,500 guineas, was completed in

eight years, with the aid of six copyists, for whose use Johnson had an upper room "fitted up like a counting-house." Boswell, Bishop Percy, and Sir John Hawkins, Johnson's literary executor, have given different accounts of the compilation ; the last named may be quoted—

"The several articles he collected by incessantly reading the best authors in each language, in the practice whereof his method was to score with a blacklead pencil the words by him selected. The books he used for this purpose were what he had in his own collection, a copious but miserably ragged one, and all such as he could borrow ; which latter, if ever they came back to those who lent them, were so defaced as to be scarce worth owning, and yet some of his friends were glad to receive and entertain them as curiosities."

It was during Dr. Johnson's residence in Gough Square that his wife died, in 1752. There, too, he was arrested in a time of need for a paltry debt of £5 18s., which the kindly Samuel Richardson paid off.

Carlyle wrote (for once) an amusing account of an expedition to Johnson's house some seventy years ago—

"We ourselves, not without labour and risk, discovered Gough Square, and the very house wherein the English Dictionary was compiled. . . It is a stout, old-fashioned, oak-balustraded house. 'I have spent many a pound and a penny on it since then,' said the worthy landlord ; 'here, you see, this bedroom was the Doctor's study ; that was the garden (a plot of delved ground somewhat larger than a bed-quilt) where he walked for exercise, these three great bedrooms (where his six copyists sat and wrote) were the place he kept his pupils in.' *Tempus edax rerum!* Yet *ferox* also ; for our friend now added, with a wistful look, which strove to seem merely historical, "I let it all in lodgings, to respectable gentlemen ; by the quarter or the month, it's all one to me."

W. B.



No. 1 BRICK COURT, TEMPLE

GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE IN WINE OFFICE COURT

THIS old house, situated in a narrow court off Fleet Street, was pulled down in 1903, and its loss would have occasioned small regret but for the association it claimed with Oliver Goldsmith. I am aware that the claim is disputed. The facts absolutely known are that Goldsmith left his wretched habitation in Green Arbour Court, near the Old Bailey, in the later months of 1760, for Wine Office Court, where he had "respectable lodgings" for nearly a couple of years.

Forster says the house belonged to a relative of Newbery, the publisher, and that Goldsmith occupied two rooms. That this was the identical building rests rather upon tradition than on actual evidence, but there seems no adequate reason to assume that tradition is false. The poet died only in 1774, and for very many years before its demolition the dwelling bore the inscription "Goldsmith's House" upon its front.

An event which had an important influence on Goldsmith's life occurred when he was living in Wine Office Court. Dr. Johnson, no doubt, had already recognised his genius ("Is there a man, sir, now, who can pen an essay with such care and elegance as Goldsmith?" he asked in later years), but they had not met. The poet's friend, Dr. Percy, arranged a meeting, and in honour of his distinguished visitor Goldsmith gave a supper in his rooms. Percy, calling to take up Johnson in

Inner Temple Lane, found him dressed in a new suit of clothes and a new wig powdered, and inquired the cause of this unusual smartness.

"Why, sir," said Johnson, "I hear that Goldsmith, who is a great sloven, justifies his disregard of cleanliness and decency by quoting my practice; and I am desirous this night to show him a better example." The supper took place on May 31st, 1761, and as there was no Boswell present to record the conversation it has gone into oblivion.

Goldsmith worked on "The Vicar of Wakefield" when in Wine Office Court, having brought some sheets of it with him from his earlier home in Green Arbour Court. This lodging off Fleet Street has also been given as the scene of the encounter between Goldsmith and his enraged landlady, when Johnson, being called in, looked over the manuscript of the immortal novel, and was able to arrange a sale to Francis Newbery for £60, and so relieve the imprisoned poet's most pressing needs; but all that most probably took place at Islington.

"Goldsmith's House" stood about midway up the court, on the left-hand side, and the site is covered by new buildings of the Press Club. Often must Johnson and "Old Noll" have passed together along this narrow passage, but their shades would find little to recognise in the Wine Office Court of to-day. It survives merely as an artery in the busy world of newspapers.

W. B.



GOLDSMITH'S HOUSE, WINE OFFICE COURT



No. 1 BRICK COURT, MIDDLE TEMPLE

CHANGES in the Temple being happily infrequent, a great many buildings are preserved upon this historic ground which date back two or three centuries. In point of age, there is nothing in its surviving domestic architecture to keep company either with the "Round" of the famous church, or that unrivalled specimen of Elizabethan craftsmanship, the Middle Temple Hall, but the fine old house, No. 1 Brick Court, which was demolished so recently as the spring of 1908, might have claimed at least a respectable antiquity.

A tradition long existed that this actual building was standing when Edmund Spenser, in his exquisite "Prothalamion," noted the rise of

" those bricky towres
The which on Themmes brode aged back doe ryde,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whylome wont the Templar Knights to byde
Till they decayd through pride."

It is the fact that the earliest brick buildings in the Temple were erected upon this site. In the Records of the Middle Temple Parliament, edited by Mr. Hopwood, Q.C., will be found under date November 26, 1569, an entry that Thomas Daniell, who was Treasurer early in Queen Elizabeth's reign, having "spent much labour and money on the new 'Bricke buyldinges,' his nephew, John Daniell, shall be admitted to any vacant chamber which pleases him without fines." The ascription

of No. 1 Brick Court to Daniell was repeated in a dozen quarters when the house came down, but from an examination of maps and records there is little doubt that the tradition is unfounded. The house probably dated about a century later, when there was a good deal of pulling down and rebuilding. In 1678 the Parliament ordered, "that Brick Court and the garden on the north side of it shall be made one court, and buildings erected on all sides of it."

No. 1 Brick Court was a roomy old house, very substantially built, and of excellent proportions, but displaying practically nothing in the way of adornment. Its façade certainly suggested a Stuart rather than an Elizabethan origin. An almost identical house still stands at the side, overlooking Fountain Court and the Middle Temple Hall. Among famous legal occupants of No. 1 have been Thesiger, a remarkable man appointed a Lord Justice of Appeal at the age of thirty-nine, and in later years Coleridge, Lord Chief Justice of England, and Bowen, who shared chambers there with him.

Although centrally situated in the Temple, which the lawyers have occupied ever since the Knights Templars were displaced, Brick Court will always remain famous for its literary rather than its legal associations. Oliver Goldsmith took a life lease of chambers on the second floor of No. 2 in 1768. There he wrote "The Deserted Village," there he gave his pleasant parties, which Samuel Johnson, Sir Joshua Reynolds, David Garrick, and others attended; and there he died on April 4th, 1774. A plaque on the outer walls marks the rooms. Later Winthrop Mackworth Praed and Thackeray came to the same building.

W. B.



JOHNSON'S HOUSE, GOUGH SQUARE



No. 47 PATERNOSTER ROW

JUST as this book was approaching completion, the house numbered 47 in Paternoster Row, which had been the London house of the well-known firm of publishers, Messrs. W. and R. Chambers, for upwards of half a century, lost its old tenants. It is true that it cannot with certainty be reckoned among threatened buildings, but in view of possible alterations Mr. Fletcher was prompted to give a pictorial record of its appearance at the present time. The age of the house, and its dignified aspect among the meaner fronts in the Row, make it worthy of a place in Mr. Fletcher's picture gallery. For it was built shortly after the Great Fire, and, at the time of writing, remains an excellent example of the kind of house in which a substantial business man of the seventeenth century would choose to live. How long it will retain its old-world look it is impossible to say. One can only hope that nothing will be done to it that will seriously impair its character.

The Street in which it stands is one of a series possessing names well suited to the precincts of a Cathedral Church. Paternoster Row itself appropriately ends in Amen Corner. A turn southwards leads through Ave Maria Lane, in a line with which, on the south side of Ludgate Hill, you come to Creed Lane. The names originated in the fact that the makers and sellers of Paternosters, or beads for devotion, and the stationers and writers of texts — the *Ave* and the *Credo* for

example—congregated round St. Paul's. Certainly for close on two centuries—for Paternoster Lane is heard of in 1374—this old street maintained an ecclesiastical connexion, and to some extent served the purpose which it has served for another couple of centuries, the distribution of writings. The religious changes of the sixteenth century seriously affected the Row. The bead-sellers and the writers of *Aves* gave place to the mercers, who filled with silks and satins, and with feminine and even masculine fripperies, the windows previously devoted to the exhibition of religious wares. During their ascendency the Row underwent great architectural changes, the mercers requiring for their residence over their shops, and for the shops themselves, a larger and more ambitious type of house. About 1690, the mercers having migrated to the more fashionable neighbourhood of Covent Garden, the booksellers and publishers took possession of the Row; the name of which figures in the imprint of many famous publishing houses. The tendency of the publishing business is to drift westward, and Messrs. Chambers, in migrating to Soho, are only following the fashion. Not as yet, however, have all the publishers disappeared, and, even should they all take their departure, it is likely enough that Paternoster Row would continue for some long time to come to be the centre of the book-distributing industry.

A. R.



No. 47 PATERNOSTER ROW



NEW INN

BESIDES the Inns of Court, there were formerly in connexion with them sundry minor places of study and residence known as Inns of Chancery. One of these, Clifford's Inn, which is described on another page, still remains with us, though it has only narrowly escaped destruction. A few years ago, when Wych Street was still standing, an archway on its northern side led into a peculiarly pleasing quadrangle of red brick buildings which formed the precinct of New Inn. These consisted of chambers on three of its sides. In the fourth, towards the east, there was the charming little hall, of which two illustrations are given, one of them showing the melancholy work of destruction in progress. The rest of this side consisted of an open railing, through which could be seen the picturesque garden house of the adjoining Clement's Inn, and the sundial supported by the little figure, long known as the Blackamoor, and now to be seen in the garden of the Inner Temple. Not everyone may know the verses which some wag composed upon it. They are these—

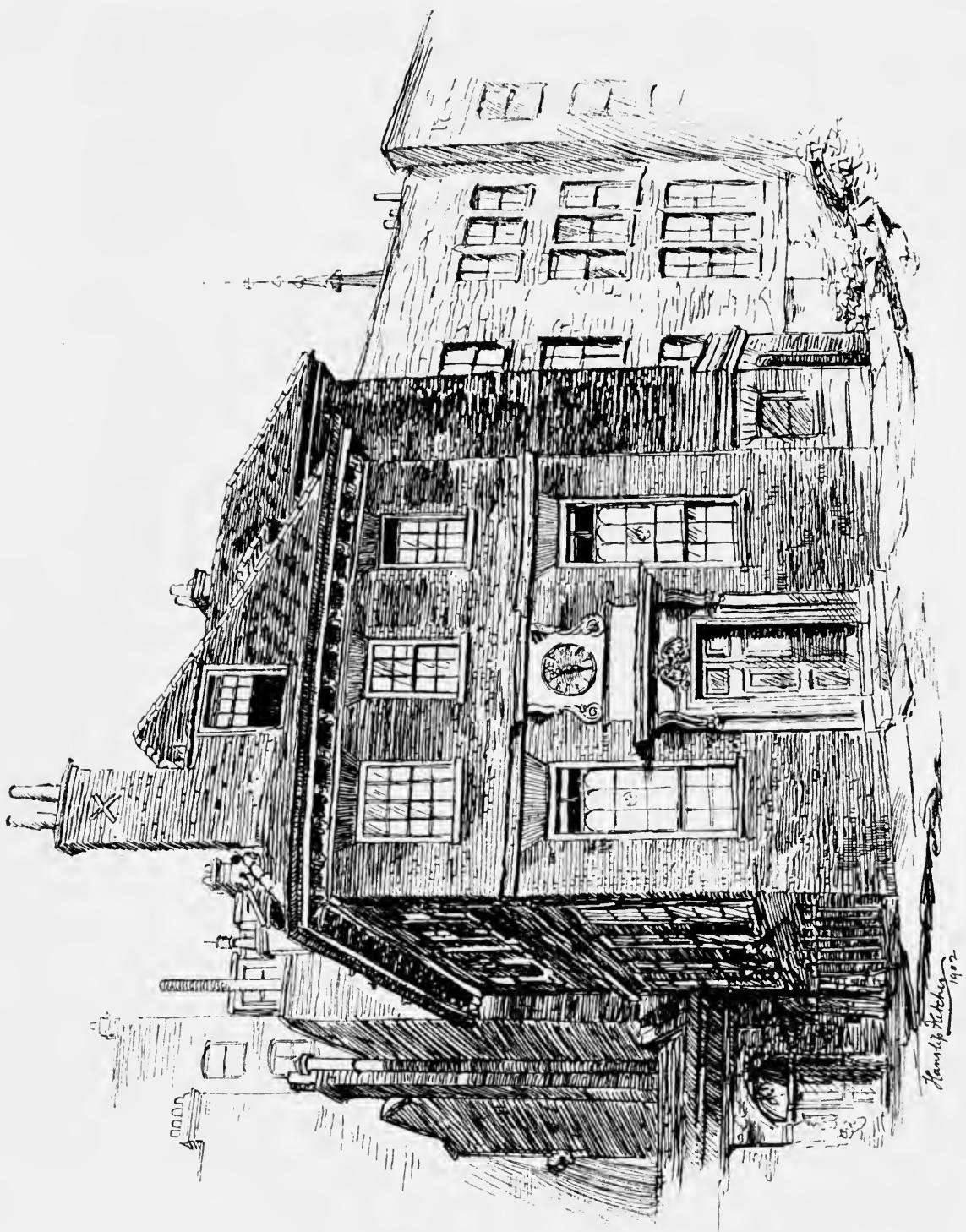
“ In vain, poor sable son of woe,
Thou seek'st the tender tear ;
From thee in vain with pangs they flow,
For mercy dwells not here.

“ From cannibals thou fled'st in vain,
Lawyers less quarter give ;
The first won't eat you till you're slain,
The last will do't alive.”

On one of those bright days which, though country folk may smile incredulously, we do get in London, the appearance of New Inn, with its well-kept Court and the open vista on one of its sides into a trim garden, was entirely charming ; and that the more, because of the sordid though picturesque quarters through which you passed to find yourself in a place so peaceful to the mind and so pleasing to the eye. For you entered it either from Wych Street or from the crowded, squalid alleys of Clare Market.

One fragrant memory clung to New Inn, the memory of Sir Thomas More, once a student there before he was entered of Lincoln's Inn. In his later life, when contemplating the possible vicissitudes of fate, he said, with his wonted humour, he might yet come down again to "New Inn fare, wherewith many an honest man is well contented ! " The Inn was the only one of the smaller houses remaining attached to the Middle Temple. Its armorial bearings were vert, a flower-pot argent. No doubt, because it was so much buried away, the Inn was known to very few of the countless thousands of people who passed near it every day. Few, therefore, realise how great a loss was involved in its destruction.

A. R.



THE HALL, NEW INN: FRONT



THE HALL, NEW INN: SIDE VIEW



ST. CLEMENT DANES, STRAND

DANES' INN disappeared in the Strand Improvement, and it would be affectation to spend much effort in lamenting its loss. In a sense it was an imposture, as at no time had it been attached to any of the Inns of Court. The "Inn" assumed a dignity which was not properly its own, the place consisting merely of a passage hemmed in by frowning residences, where chambers were let to anyone who chose to rent them. It had no particular antiquity, and made small architectural pretensions.

The name, of course, was taken from the parish, that of St. Clement Danes. Whence "Danes" as a distinctive part of St. Clement's was derived is a debatable question. Legends, probably with a basis of foundation, have always attached to the spot, that the Danes had a settlement there just outside the walls of London. It is said that those who had married English wives were allowed by King Alfred to reside in the locality after their countrymen had been expelled from England; also that a great slaughter of Danes took place there.

A church stood on this hill overlooking the Thames from very early times, with a pretty considerable cemetery. The old church of St. Clement Danes, which replaced that reputed to have been in existence when the Conqueror came, was taken down in 1680, and two years later the present fabric was built by Edward Pierce. Sir Christopher Wren superintended the work, giving his services gratuitously. The tower and steeple,

now such a commanding feature in the widened Strand, were erected in 1719.

Architecturally the church suffers by reason of its squat body, but it does not deserve Leigh Hunt's sweeping condemnation of it as "a very incongruous, ungainly edifice." "Its best aspect (says this critic) is at night-time in winter, when the deformities of its body are not seen, and the pale steeple rises with a sort of ghastliness of grandeur through the cloudy atmosphere."

No parish in London has been swept so clean as St. Clement Danes. Originally the church stood out amid a nest of rookeries. Butcher Row, where the meat shambles were placed under an ancient charter to escape the city dues, was on part of the site now covered by the Law Courts, and the reeking ale-houses and taverns that sprang up about it, just beyond the Lord Mayor's jurisdiction, gave the place a most unsavoury reputation, which Holywell Street and Wych Street, and in later years Clare Market and the purlieus of the lower end of Drury Lane, did not improve. The stocks stood here in 1475.

Falstaff in his nocturnal carousals had heard St. Clement's bells. In *King Henry IV*, Part II, Act 3, Scene 2, Justice Shallow recalls the roystering days of his youth, "before I came to Clement's Inn."

Silence. That's fifty-five year ago.

Shallow. Ha, cousin Silence, that thou hadst seen that that this knight and I have seen ! Ha, Sir John, said I well ?

Falstaff. We have heard the chimes at midnight, Master Shallow.

Shallow. That we have, that we have, that we have ; in faith, Sir John, we have : our watchword was " Hem boys ! "

Dr. Johnson was one of the regular worshippers at St. Clement Danes Church, and his pew is marked by a plate let into a pillar.

W. B.



DANES' INN



WYCH STREET AND THE STRAND

WAS ever as much devastation committed in one spot as has been done by the Strand Improvement? Certainly nothing so destructive has been carried out within living memory. The great scheme of the Thames Embankment took away little but mudbanks. Aldwych in this year 1908 is a vast solitude, Kingsway a mere track for racing motor cars, and underground for "shallow" trams. London has two new thoroughfares and a Strand widened out of recognition, and by-and-by, when the building of houses is complete on both sides of the roadway, will have something to show as fine, let me say, as any street that New York can boast.

For this much has been swept away that can be spared without any pangs of regret, but with it a whole district which bore up to the last the character of the mediæval city, and contained within itself as large a collection of old timber-framed houses as now survives in the whole of the metropolis. For myself, I take no joy in the Strand Improvement. It was a deplorable necessity, carried out at the cost of a typical bit of London which could ill be spared, and cannot be replaced. Holywell Street and Wych Street remain only a memory—a memory of something that has gone for ever out of London's life.

In these narrow streets, darkened by the overhanging fronts of the houses, shutting out all but a thread of clear sky, the man of leisure could respect himself. The road as much as



the strip of pavement was his own, and he could step upon it without risk of life. Seldom a cart ventured to force a way through. Holywell Street especially was the haunt of the country parson and the book-lover. Its generous second-hand book-shops were of a type now almost extinct ; the deep windows, thrown wide open, littered rather than crowded with volumes in all conditions of decay, and shelves trespassing—there was no one to care—far out on the pavement. The twopenny, the fourpenny, and the sixpenny boxes invited one to explore arm deep for treasures.

All this has been “improved” out of existence. The book-shops have been driven farther westward, where borough councils, careful of none save the pedestrian, begrudge an encroachment of the thickness of a single volume, and the jostling of the passing crowd discourages loitering.

The two streets were, after their own manner, the most picturesque streets in London. The age of the buildings is difficult to decide. Mr. Diprose was told (in 1868) by the occupier of one on the north side of Holywell Street, near the foot passage from the Strand which came out by the sign of the “Half Moon,” that he had in his possession deeds relating to his house as far back as the reign of Queen Mary. One doubts if many, or any, could justly claim such antiquity as this, though several of the dingy old dwellings which fell before the pick of the house-breaker only five or six years ago obviously dated back years before the Great Fire of London. The earliest inhabited part hereabouts was that between St. Clement Danes and Temple Bar, the final clearance of which began with Butcher Row in 1813, and was completed when the Law Courts were erected.

In Henry the Eighth’s time, bare brick walls shut in the

gardens of the bishops' palaces, and the Strand frontages had been sparsely built upon. An Act of the twenty-fourth year of his reign speaks of the way west of Temple Bar as being "very foul and full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noysome, and necessary to be kept clean, for the avoiding of corrupt savours and occasions of pestilence." It was ordered that it be paved and maintained at the expense of adjoining owners and occupiers. Aggas' map of 1560 gives little assistance, but in Norden's Plan of Westminster, 1593, both Wych Street and Holywell Street are clearly shown, with houses on either side, and in Hollars' map, 1700, "Wich Street" is marked. The name survived as part of the ancient *Via de Aldewych*, which followed the line of Drury Lane, and now is happily restored to London's streets in Aldwych—at the original suggestion, I believe, of Mr. G. L. Gomme, Clerk to the London County Council.

The wells once gave a certain importance to this suburb of London. The site of St. Clement's Well was easily distinguishable north of St. Clement Danes Church when the ground was cleared for the Law Courts. Near by was Holy Well—whence Holywell Street. Fitz-Stephen mentions them both. The sanctity of the Holy Well long since departed, and its ultimate fate was to be included within the back premises of the "Spotted Dog" public-house. In his reminiscences of London, published in the *Daily Telegraph*, the late Mr. George Augustus Sala says of the place—

"The 'Dog' in Holywell Street was a beetle-browed, three-storeyed structure, with three bay windows on the first and second floors, and an overhanging superstructure. It was entered by a steep flight of steps; and if you were privileged to enjoy the acquaintance of the landlady of the establishment—Mr. Dormer's predecessor—you might at once walk into her extremely

comfortable although somewhat dark bar-parlour ; there she used to sit in a big armchair, surrounded by heavy old furniture and dingy old prints in heavy frames, chatting with her gossips, and generally beaming around in a manner most cheerful to behold. Mr. Dormer, who owned Old Betty's Chop House close by, took over the old 'Dog' in 1851. He laid out £200 in excavating the choked-up well at the back of his premises, not under, as Timbs says, in the belief that it was identical (a belief in which Mr. Timbs and Mr. Walford agree) with the original Holy Well, after which the narrow tortuous street is named. But his efforts met with scanty reward, the most interesting find being a scrap of paper, seemingly torn out of a memorandum book, and containing in faded ink the words 'Dr. Goldsmith, 13s. 10d.' Was this an unpaid bill of Goldie's ? There was also found a fragment of a shattered punch bowl, with a William and Mary guinea mounted in a part of the base."

Wych Street and Holywell Street, even as we knew them, had undergone a good deal of change. But, as has been said, enough of the old houses remained to make this spot one of the show places of London. Like Paternoster Row before the irruption of the booksellers en masse some few years after the Great Fire, Holywell Street had enjoyed its day as a fashionable shopping centre. The silkmen and the mercers had displayed their attractive wares in the windows before the dealers in odd volumes sought out this quiet quarter. The sign of the "Half Moon," so familiar to passers by down to the day of the demolition—the sign itself is happily preserved—was a century ago that of a corset maker, whose boast it was to have worked for the royal family of George the Third.

Other and less reputable associations the two streets acquired which the chronicler may in charity pass by. The dark and squalid houses, especially in Wych Street and the adjacent courts, were for a period the resort of thieves and criminals, and persons of the most infamous type. So notorious had the quarter become, that last century an attempt was made to change the name of Holywell Street to Booksellers' Row, but it

did not succeed. When the demolition was in progress I remember being shown a beam with the name "Jack Sheppard" scratched upon it. He was a former resident not unworthy of Wych Street's unsavoury reputation, for on the authority of the "Authentic Memoirs of the Life and Surprising Adventures" of that notorious thief, published a year after he was hanged at Tyburn, we have it that his mother applied to Mr. Kneebone, at the Angel, to help her promising son, and that Kneebone taught him to write and cypher, and had him apprenticed to Owen Wood, a carpenter living in Wych Street.

The "Angel" was a very old inn that stood on the northern side of Wych Street, near the church. Mr. Charles Gordon, whose "Old-Time Aldwych and Kingsway" is most valuable for this neighbourhood, describes it as being all gables and galleries, and occupying a large expanse of ground. It was to this house, in January, 1554, that Bishop Hooper, after his condemnation to be burnt alive, was taken previous to his martyrdom in Gloucester. The inn was for many years a fashionable resort, and was largely used by Naval officers who went to and from Portsmouth by coach during the period of the Napoleonic wars.

So long ago as 1855 the "Angel" came down, and St. Clement's Chambers were erected upon its site. The only tavern likely to be kept in memory of the present generation was the "Rising Sun," which stood out conspicuously at the butt end of Wych Street, facing the church. This building was believed to have been erected at the time of James the First, if not earlier, and was said to be haunted by a ghost in the shape of a white lady. I know nothing about the ghost, but recall that a murder was committed there not long before its destruction for the Strand Improvement. Another licensed house in Wych Street

was the "Shakespeare Head," of which Mark Lemon, afterwards editor of *Punch*, was the landlord when it formed the meeting-place of a little "quoting, quipping, quaffing" club of fellow-workers in Bohemia.

Lyon's Inn, a very old legal haunt attached to the Inner Temple, but of no particular architectural pretensions—the hall was built in 1700—was destroyed in 1862. The Globe Theatre filled part of the site. Playgoers will remember the house if only for the amazing success of *Les Cloches de Corneville*, and afterwards *The Private Secretary* and *Charley's Aunt*, all of which were produced there. On another portion of the ground occupied by Lyon's Inn the Opera Comique was built. Gilbert and Sullivan made their first successes there with *H.M.S. Pinafore* and *The Pirates of Penzance*. These two theatres, as well as the Olympic, were involved in the common ruin out of which Aldwych has resulted, but others have risen near at hand to revive the theatrical associations of this old quarter.

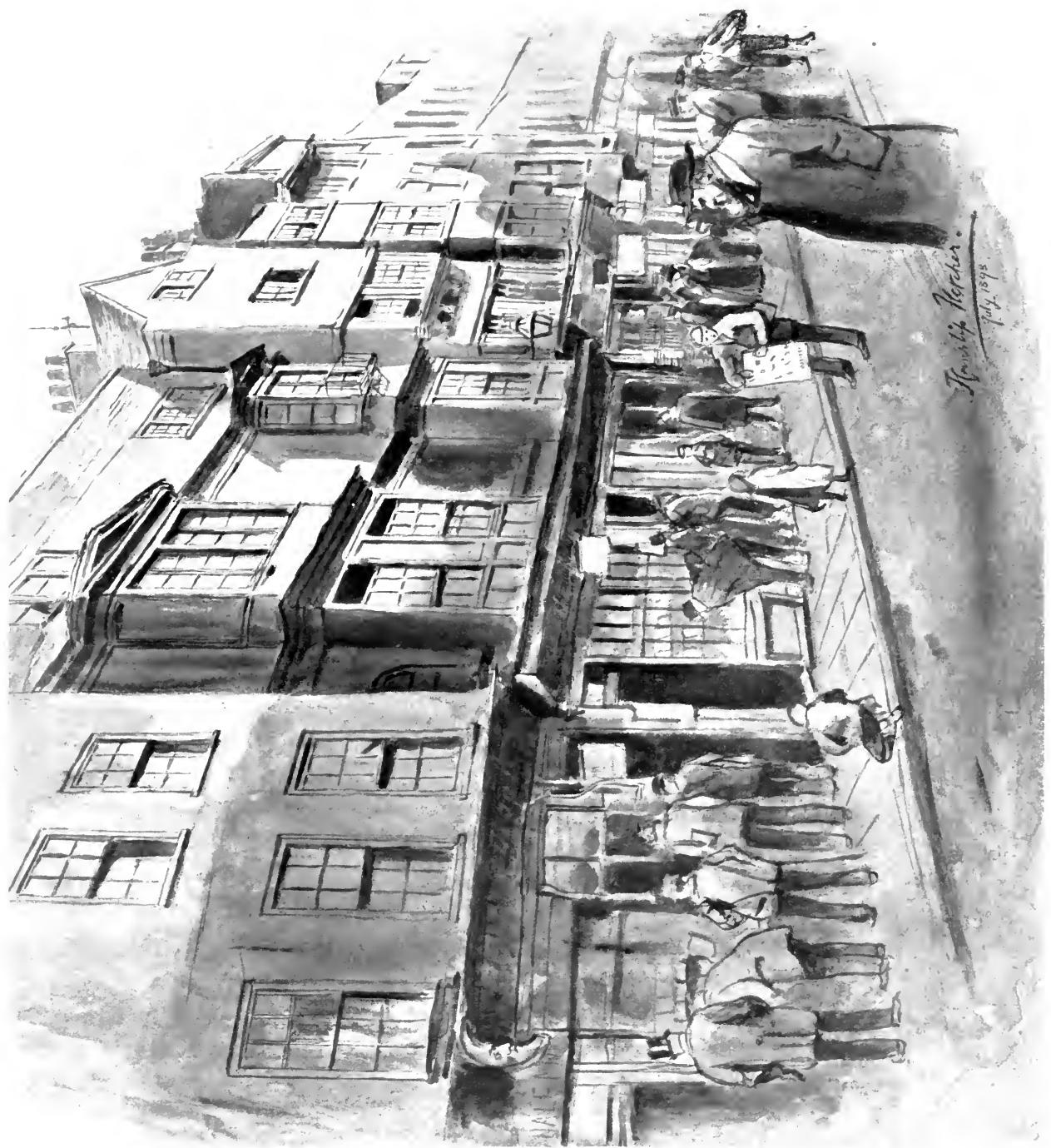
The narrow Strand between the two churches possessed little of antiquarian interest at the time its north side came down for the widening, having been much rebuilt. The present pavement marks the line of Holywell Street. So late as 1713 the Strand maypole stood in front of the spot now occupied by St. Mary-le-Strand Church, then was removed nearer Somerset House, and finally disappeared from London in 1718. A print at the beginning of the eighteenth century shows the pole towering high above the surrounding buildings.

W. B.



HOLYWELL STREET





SOUTH SIDE OF HOLLYWELL STREET





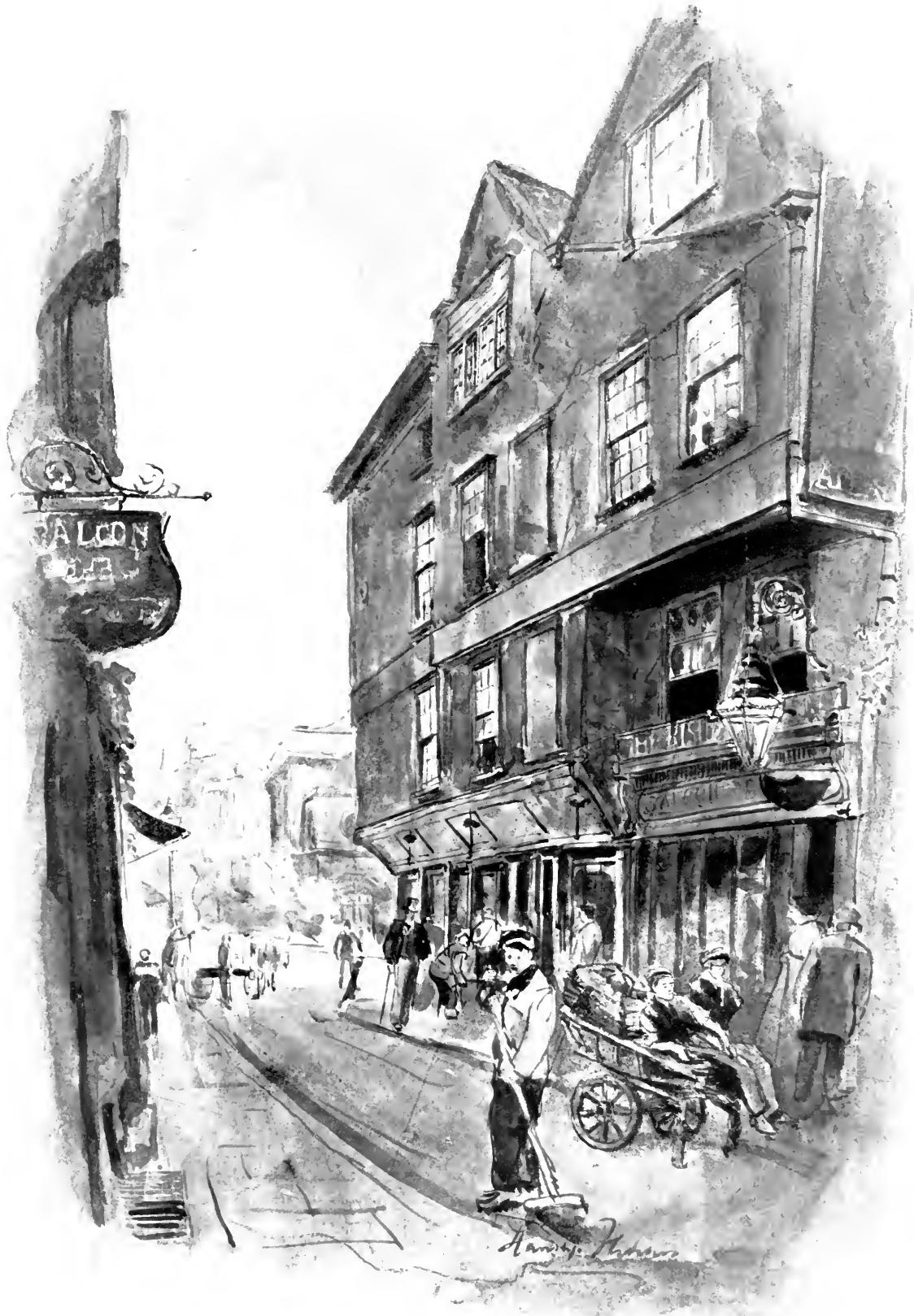
WYCH STREET



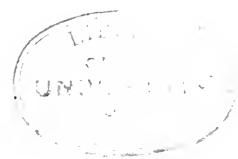


BACKS OF HOLYWELL AND WYCH STREETS
From roof of Olympic Theatre





THE RISING SUN, WYCH STREET





STRAND, BEFORE DEMOLITION OF HOLYWELL STREET



EXETER STREET

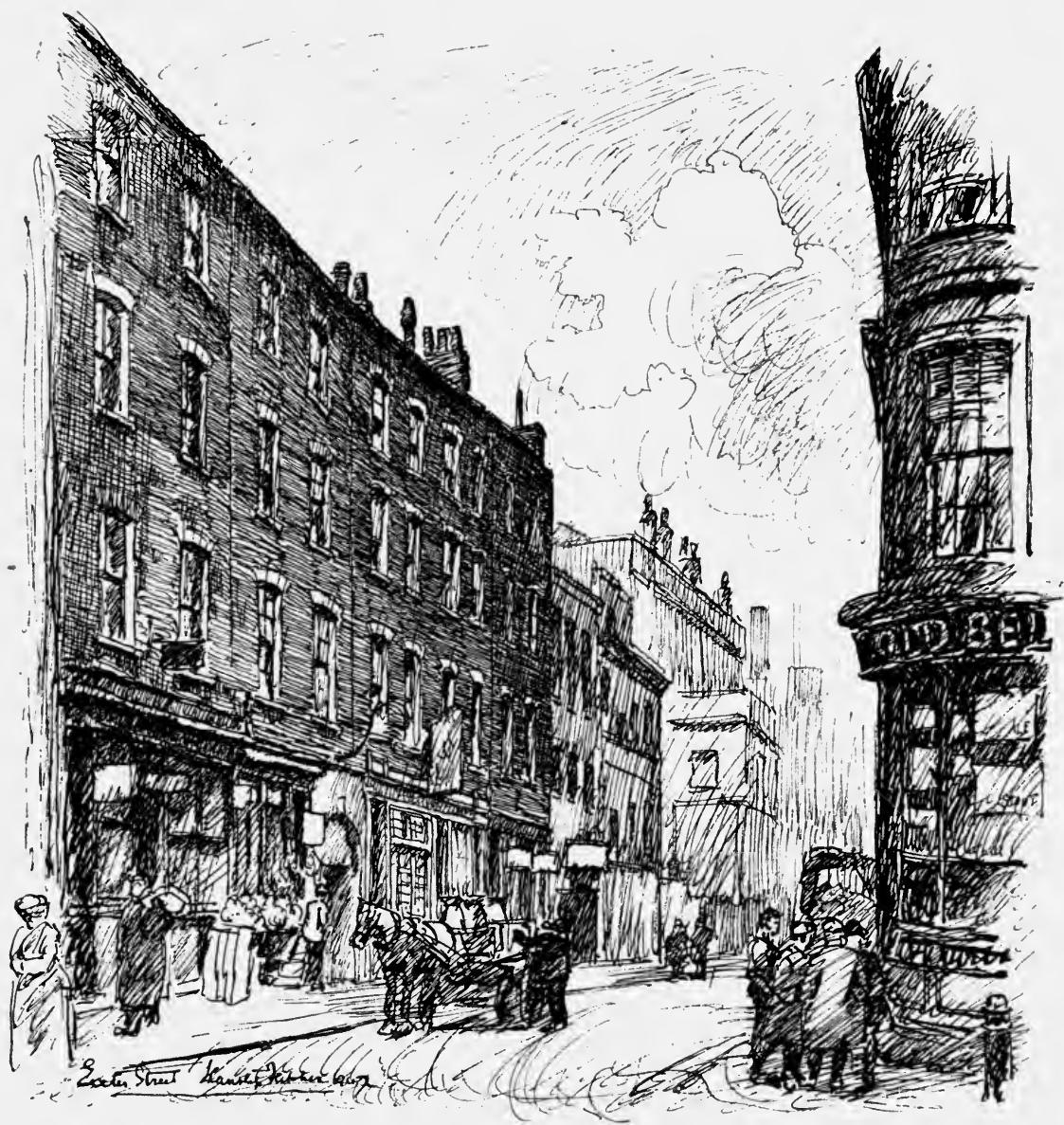
WHEN Exeter Street was first built (about the year 1677), and named after the town house of Cecil, Earl of Exeter, son of the great Lord Burghley, it extended from Catherine Street on the east to the wall of Bedford Yard, afterwards Covent Garden, on the west. Since that date the street has undergone many changes ; there was no outlet originally at the west end, but it can now be approached from that side by Burleigh Street from the Strand.

Exeter Street just escaped destruction in the extensive devastation of the neighbouring district in the so-called Aldwych improvements, but the southern portion of Catherine Street, which formed its east-end boundary, was cleared away. One other important alteration in Exeter Street was when it was bisected by the new Wellington Street, in the early years of the nineteenth century.

The chief interest of Exeter Street lies in the fact that it was here that Dr. Johnson had his first London lodgings in 1737, "at the house of one Norris, a stay-maker." The identity of the exact house is not now known, it may have been destroyed, or it may have been one of the old buildings depicted in Mr. Fletcher's drawing. Most of the houses in this short street are now of recent date. Johnson, however, appears to have occupied a garret, for he admitted that he wrote the report which appeared in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of one of Lord Chatham's best

speeches “in a garret in Exeter Street.” It was while he was living in this street that Johnson completed his poem “London”; and used to dine “very well for eightpence, with good company, at the Pine Apple in New Street just by . . . I had a cut of meat for sixpence, and bread for a penny, and gave the waiter a penny, so that I was quite well served, nay better than the rest, for they gave the waiter nothing.”

R. I.



EXETER STREET, STRAND



BOW STREET AND RUSSELL STREET

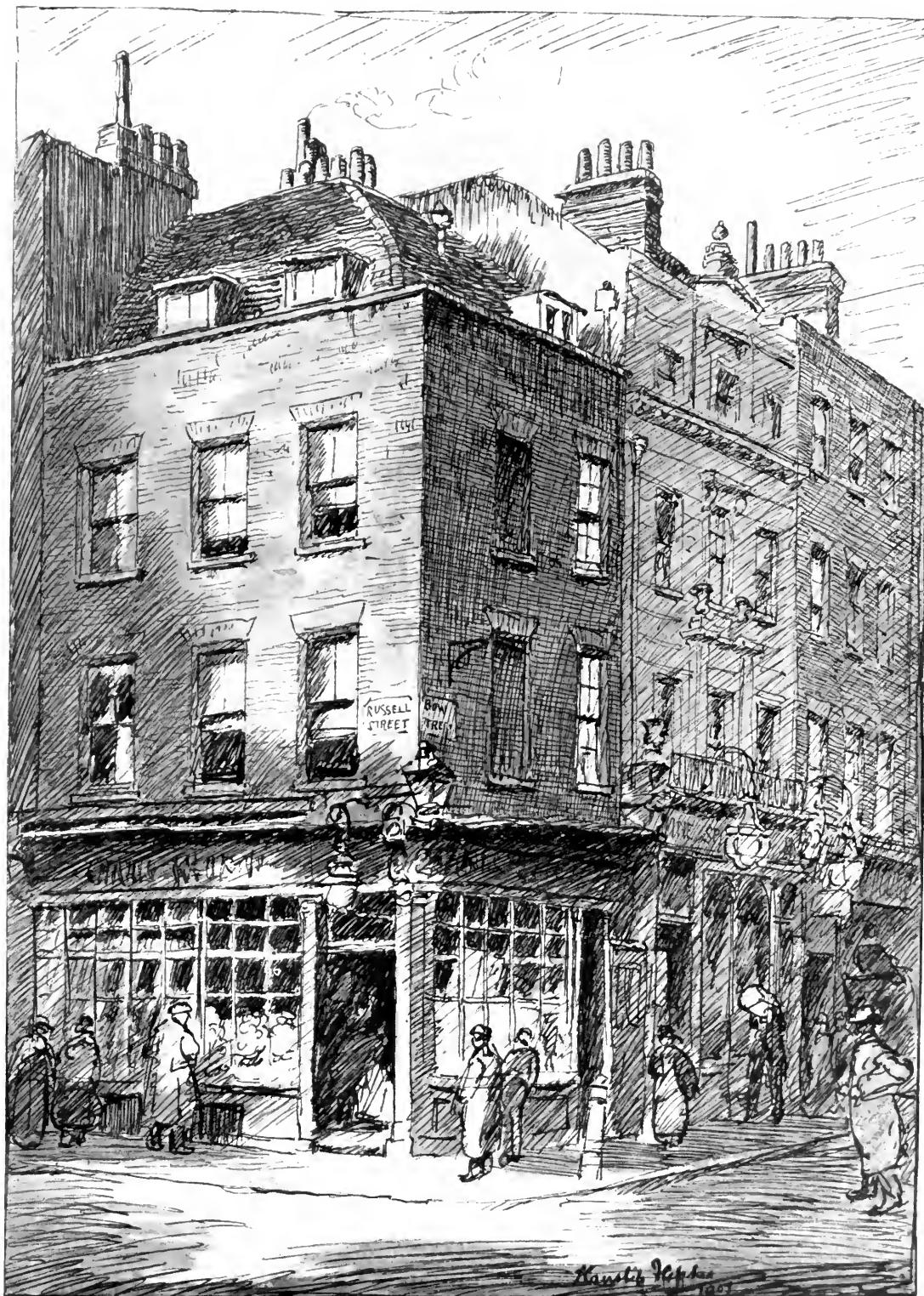
THE old building in our illustration which stands at the corner of Bow and Russell Streets, Covent Garden, on true classic ground, was once the famous Will's Coffee House, which is described as being on the north side of the west corner of Bow and Russell Streets : a position answering exactly to the situation of this house. Charles and Mary Lamb also lived here. There is hardly a foot of these two streets that is without some literary or dramatic association : Bow Street, even to-day, continues to draw almost daily a number of persons who are interested, sometimes against their wills, in the huge police court identified with its name. The street was built in 1637 and named, so it is said, from its shape which is like a bent bow. It was a residential quarter until about 1725, Covent Garden Theatre was erected in the street some seven years later, and the Police Court first appeared in 1749.

The most interesting literary association concerning Bow Street is that it was here that Henry Fielding wrote "Tom Jones." The house in which he lived stood on the site of the Police Court, and was demolished during the Gordon riots in 1780. Had it escaped the hands of the rioters, it is highly probable that it would have fallen, in this utilitarian age, under the pick of the house-breaker ; though many would have made a brave effort to save the house of Harry Fielding. He and his half-brother, Sir John Fielding, were of course among the most celebrated of the Bow Street magistrates.

William Wycherly, the dramatist, spent his last days in lodgings in this street, and here Charles II visited him. The dramatist, who was too old and ill to go to the church, was married in his house, but died eleven days later. Waller the poet, Dr. Johnson, and Sir Roger de Coverley, also lived in Bow Street.

In Russell Street, or Great Russell Street as it was then called, it will be remembered that Tom Davies, the bookseller, introduced Boswell to Johnson, at his shop on May 16, 1763. At Nos. 20 and 21 Charles Lamb and his sister took lodgings in October, 1817, in the house of an ironmonger or brazier, and remained there till the middle of 1823. Mr. Owen, the ironmonger, occupied the shop at the corner of Russell and Bow Streets and the adjoining one. It is stated that Lamb's lodgings were over the corner shop, which is depicted in Mr. Fletcher's drawing. Here Lamb was thoroughly in his element, with, as he says, "Drury Lane, in sight from our front, and Covent Garden from our back." . . . He loved "the theatres with all their noises." Covent Garden Market, too, with the prospect of "early peas and 'sparagus,'" and the Piazzas with the old bookstalls.

R. I.



CORNER OF RUSSELL STREET AND BOW STREET



SARDINIA CHAPEL

A MONG the buildings which have to be removed because of the construction of the Kingsway, the Church of Sts. Anselm and Cecilia, commonly called Sardinia Chapel, is unfortunately numbered. It is true that provision will be made for the worshippers in a more stately building hard by, yet the site so long consecrated to religion will be put to secular uses. In 1648, Duke Street, leading into Lincoln's Inn Fields through an archway still to be seen though blocked with a hoarding, was laid out, and a Roman Catholic Chapel was built at the back of one of the houses fronting into the Fields, from which indeed it was entered. From the fact that this house was the Sardinian Minister's residence, the name of Sardinia Chapel was derived. In 1688 the Franciscans started a mission here, and the Chapel, being regarded as the headquarters of the Romanist propaganda, was, in consequence, often attacked. In the Gordon riots of 1780 it was so badly damaged by the fanatical mob, who also indulged in atrocious profanities, that it had to be rebuilt. At the same time it was somewhat enlarged, and, as an act of reparation, the Sardinian community enriched it with handsome gifts. The altar furniture, which was very costly, was presented by the King of Sardinia, and the sanctuary was adorned with a painting of the Taking Down from the Cross. The exterior, now that the street has gone, is revealed in all its poverty ; for outwardly the building is mean and

unattractive. But, in spite of some appearance of neglect, due perhaps to the approaching demolition, there is a very pleasing charm about the interior, the charm of an old-fashioned Church. Double galleries with light balustrades run round three of the sides. A picturesque organ is in one of the western galleries, and the pulpit on the south side is entered from the lower gallery. In the baptismal register of the older chapel there is an entry in 1737 recording the baptism of the sculptor Nollekens, and in the building shortly to be destroyed Fanny Burney's marriage with General D'Arblay was solemnised.

A. R.



SARDINIA CHAPEL



OLD HOUSE, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

EARLY in the seventeenth century a commission was appointed by the Crown to plant and reduce to uniformity Lincoln's Inn Fields "as it shall be drawn by way of map or ground-plot by Inigo Jones." The reason for this commission was the encroachment of mean and unsuitable dwellings upon the Fields, which were coming to be occupied by noblemen and gentlemen of position. The west side, long known as Arch Row from the archway still to be seen leading into what was known till recent times as Duke Street before it became Sardinia Street, was built by the great architect, and even now the grandeur of the mansions he designed is plainly visible. The house figured in Plate LXV formed a part of the group not yet entirely destroyed, on the pilastered fronts of which the emblems of the rose and the fleur-de-lys are to be seen. These are said to have been used as ornaments out of compliment to Queen Henrietta Maria, whose name is commemorated in the neighbouring Great Queen Street, where a fine example of Inigo Jones's art survives. Innumerable as are the localities in which Nell Gwynn is reported to have lived, it is certain that she did reside in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and the house in Mr. Fletcher's drawing was, according to local tradition, Nell Gwynn's house. Its demolition was due to the requirement of a new southern outlet from the Fields into the Kingsway—a convenience, no doubt, but purchased by the sacrifice of a fine and

interesting old bit of city architecture. The time will assuredly come when the whole of Inigo Jones's range of buildings will be swept away, to give place to modern offices and flats, or other enormities which are said to be necessary in these days. We can only be too thankful that the open space in the vast square will be preserved as a public garden. This modern use of the Fields admittedly is an improvement on their earlier use as a place of execution. It will be remembered that Lord William Russell was put to death in the middle of the square in 1683, and at another time Babington and his accomplices were drawn, hanged and quartered there.

A. R.



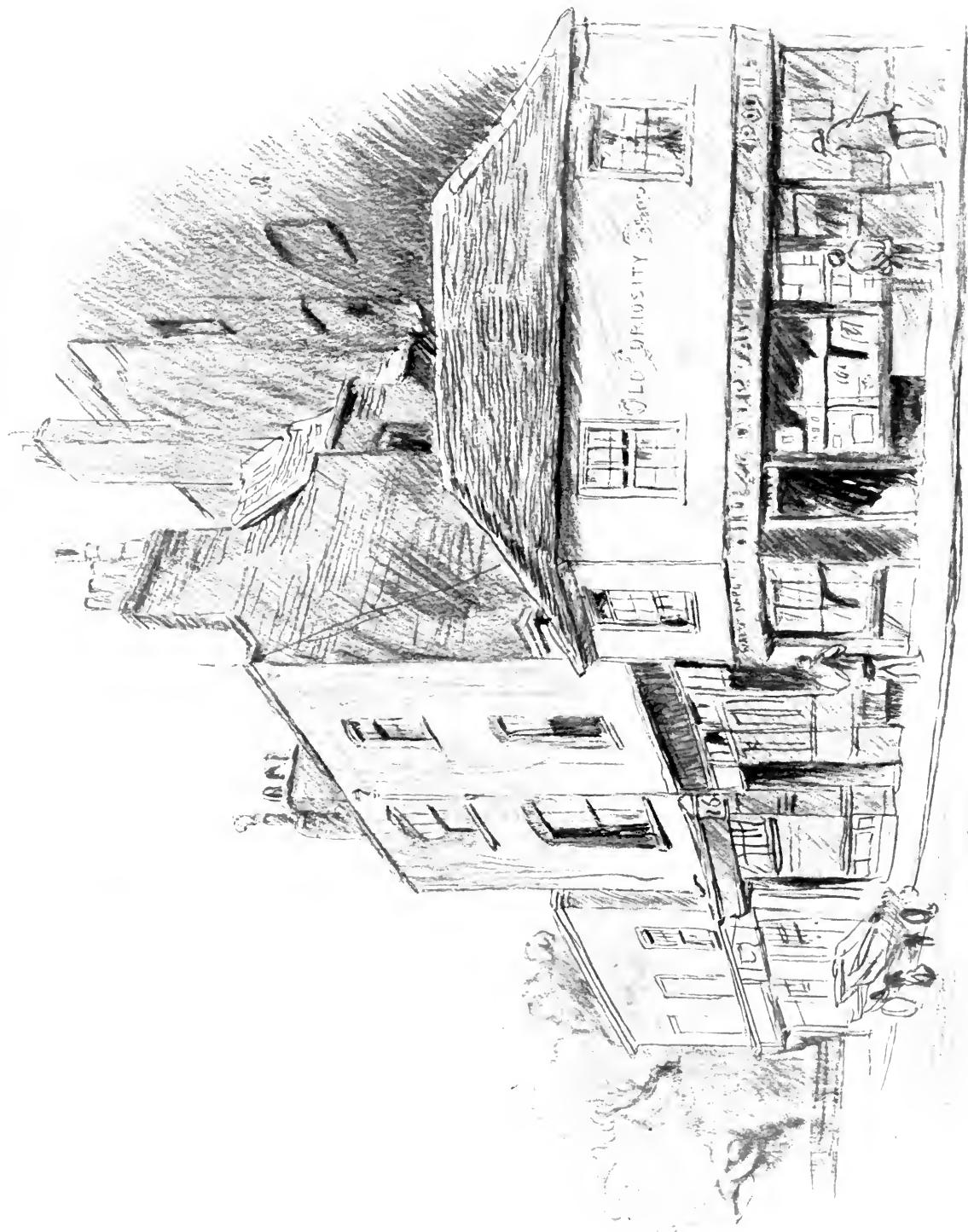
OLD HOUSE, LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS

PLATE LXV

CLARE MARKET

CLARE MARKET was built by John, Earl of Clare, and opened in 1656. By an Act of Cromwell's Parliament it was a "free market," but the City of London, jealous of its own privileges, brought a lawsuit to prevent its establishment. The city lost, and Clare's success led to the erection of St. James' Market, Bloomsbury Market, Haymarket, Mayfair, and most of the other West-End Markets. Other buildings than markets were expected from noblemen in those days, and in a debate in the House of Commons in 1657, "Mr. Pedley took occasion to reflect highly upon My Lord Clare, and said that he had built a church for the flesh, but doubted he would hardly do as David did and build one for the spirit." Strype says that Clare Market was much resorted unto by country butchers and higgler. The butchers of the market with their music of marrow-bones and cleavers figure largely in the theatrical memoirs of the eighteenth century. They were the drama's patrons, who the drama's laws did mostly give and with their weapons established or damned a piece over the heads of their betters. On the 5th of November they had a great bonfire in Clare Market, and they thrashed each other round about it with the strongest sinews of slaughtered bulls and (an eighteenth century authority recorded) the peals from their marrow bones and cleavers overpowered the storms of sound that came from the rocking belfries of the churches in the Strand. A sort of market lingered on here until the end of





SHOP, PORTUGAL STREET



I saw him one rainy night—a small competent fellow with a fury tall hat, worn over his eyes, and a black bag containing six and eightpence.

He would have to be careful of his bag, for he must have seen a lot of queer company. Jonathan Wild kept a night-house near Short's Garden ; and Jack Sheppard left a hundred associations here. Here he met Edgworth Bess and Poll Maggot, and in the Shears Tavern near Clare Market he treated his poor mother to three quarterns of brandy, and drank himself silly, and so was recaptured and taken to Newgate for the last time. In the Bull's Head Tavern, where a Board School raises its innocent head, Sir Richard Steele drank deep, so did Hogarth and his brethren of "The Artists' Club." Nell Gwynn was born, according to Oldys, in the Coal Yard, Drury Lane, and Pepys' much-quoted peep at her "standing at her lodger's door in her smock sleeves and bodice, a mighty pretty creature," occurred at the top of Maypole Alley. Lying ill in Bow Street, Wycherley—surely the laureate of the region—got married as soon as his life was despaired of. In Charles II's time near Lincoln's Inn Fields three dukes killed a beadle, "praying for his life upon his knees with many wounds," and Charles II graciously pardoned them. Incidents such as these blossom in this wild and curious place. Bagnios and night-houses abounded ; Covent Garden poured forth from its clubs tipsy gentlemen each night, and St. Giles sent its prize-fighters, cut-purses and bullies ; the young men from the Inns of Court and their jackals came forth to frolic and prowl; the players from the theatres, the market porters and butchers, the lampooners and hacks from Fleet Street were there, nor were the Bow Street runners amiss.

"The bloods and drabs of Drury Lane," the butchers of Clare Market, their zany preacher, Orator Henley, the beautiful

Bracegirdle, and the great-hearted exiled Queen of Bohemia and her lover, the brave Lord Craven, Joe Miller, Rich, the Comedian, Unparalleled Penderell, who lived in Turnstyle Lane, Jonathan Wild, Jack Sheppard, Hogarth and Savage, and "Shock Tim," who won at dice a man's fortune and the hair of his head, have all gone to dust, and so have the houses in which they made themselves famous. Half of the buildings displaced were late Jacobean or Queen Anne behind their stained plaster fronts.

When the nest of ancient little streets round Clare Market was attacked they presented one of the strongest effects in these demolitions. Coming down through this silent region at night one saw nothing but aged houses boarded and shuttered with big chalk marks on the doors. Sometimes a cart would rumble along, and in the distance you saw the glare of torches where men were digging. It was like walking into London of the Great Plague. Undoubtedly, some of these houses had borne the real Plague signs on their doors. Another strange thing was the rabble of homeless folk who found shelter in the cellars of the demolished houses, made nests of newspapers, lit little fires, and lived a free life until the policemen came on an encampment of some thirty of them through an unfortunate falling out of friends over some trifling matter.

This is a self-conscious time and our authors have analysed London from its smoke to its soul, but it still remains for someone to stand aside and consider how much of what is peculiar and characteristic in the Londoner's turn of mind owed its existence to regions such as this, where one had only to turn a street corner and there were the houses, the people and the acts of the free-living, grimy, rowdy old Georgian age. Something of his appalling tolerance, his tendency to swarm and riot whenever he gets



RAG SHOP, CLAREMARKET



"half a chance," his habitual interest in and familiarity with the nicknames and ways of the aristocracy (see Hanover Square when there is a big wedding there!), his undying interest in crime that makes the London newsbills one of the sights of the country—all these qualities seemed to have their headquarters here. In Tudor days, Holywell Street and Butchers' Row and Drury Lane and their purlieus were a sort of rabble gathered at the gates of the city, where they stood without the rules, and lawless folk preferred them for their free ways and nearness to the sanctuary of the Abbey and the Court of the King. Something of this hung about the district until, it would seem, almost yesterday. In a little shaving of a street off Lincoln's Inn Fields, a crazy old red-tiled cottage, in which a waste-paper merchant traded, leads a threatened existence in the lee of some peculiar tenements. For forty years a controversy has meandered on through the weekly press about its right to be considered the original of Dickens' "Old Curiosity Shop." The evidence for such a view was that it was an old curiosity shop, and, so far as is proved, the only one with which Dickens was familiar. In 1825 Dickens was a clerk to Ellis & Blackmore near by. It was on the direct way (if one may talk of a direct way in this crooked neighbourhood) from the Strand to the house of John Foster in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and so he must have constantly passed it. There is a print of 1837 showing that it was not only an old curiosity shop, but a well-known one. In 1840 Dickens issued the first number of "Master Humphrey's Clock," which was the origin of "The Old Curiosity Shop." The Portsmouth Street shop was kept for forty years by a character called Tessyman, who knew many authors. He is said to have called Dickens "Lightning," Thackeray "Sugar," Cruikshank "Whiskers," and Jerrold "Mustard"—nicknames quite good enough to prove his

existence. Another point is that the description of the door, the room, and the small sitting-room behind agrees with Dickens' description in his novel. Against the theory is the statement in the novel that the shop was a considerable distance from the city. But Harold Skimpole was a considerable distance from Leigh Hunt, who admittedly was his source, so that argument does not carry. On the whole, I think, there is no strong reason to doubt that Dickens had Old Tessyman's shop in his mind when he invented the old Curiosity Shop of his novel. The theory that the cottage was also a dairy belonging to De Querouaille, Charles II's Duchess of Portsmouth, has, however, very little to assist it.

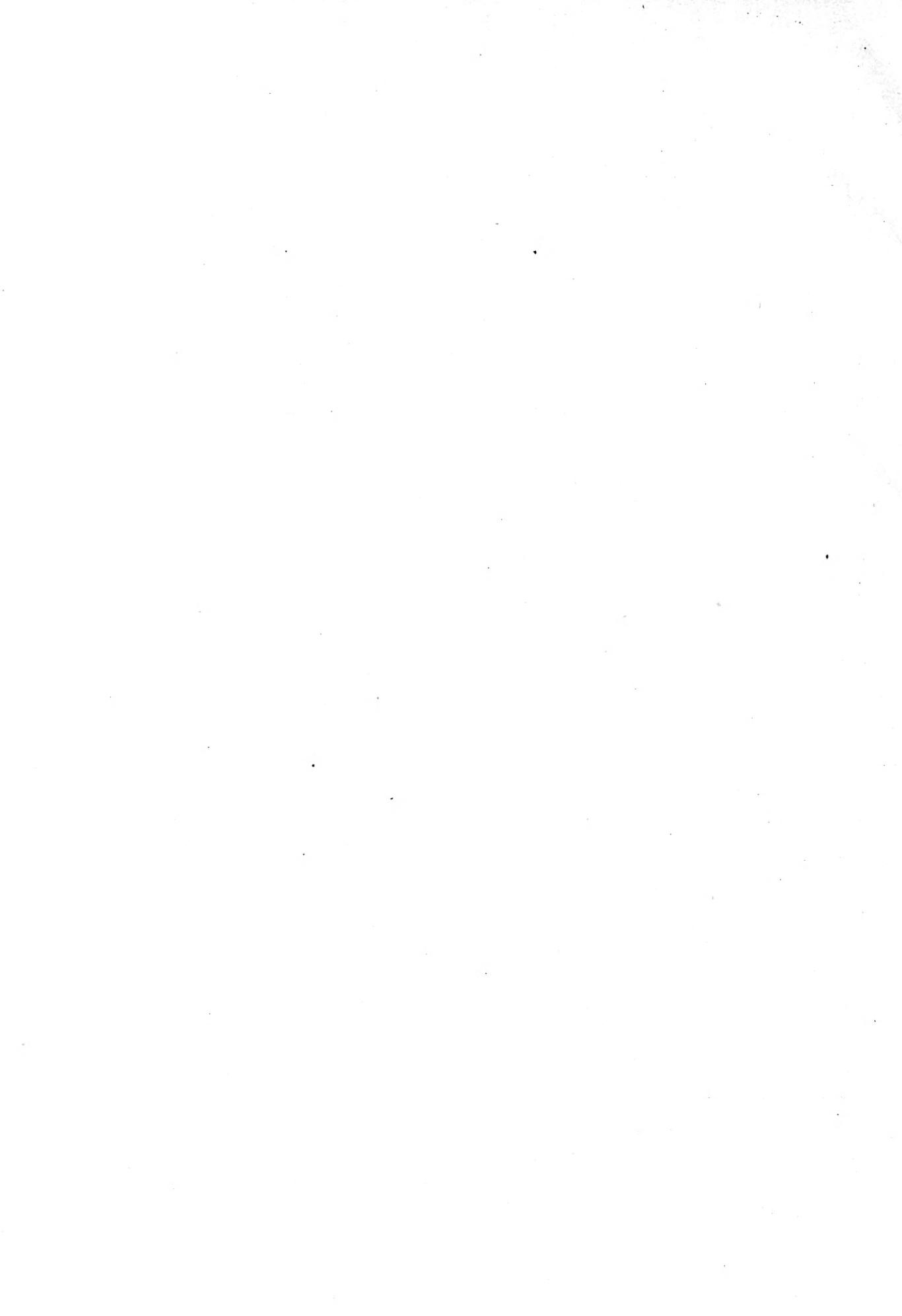
J. B.



OLD SHOP, CLARE MARKET



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